

# SATURDAY NIGHT

DECEMBER 9, 1961 20 CENTS

## *The Strike That Split A City*

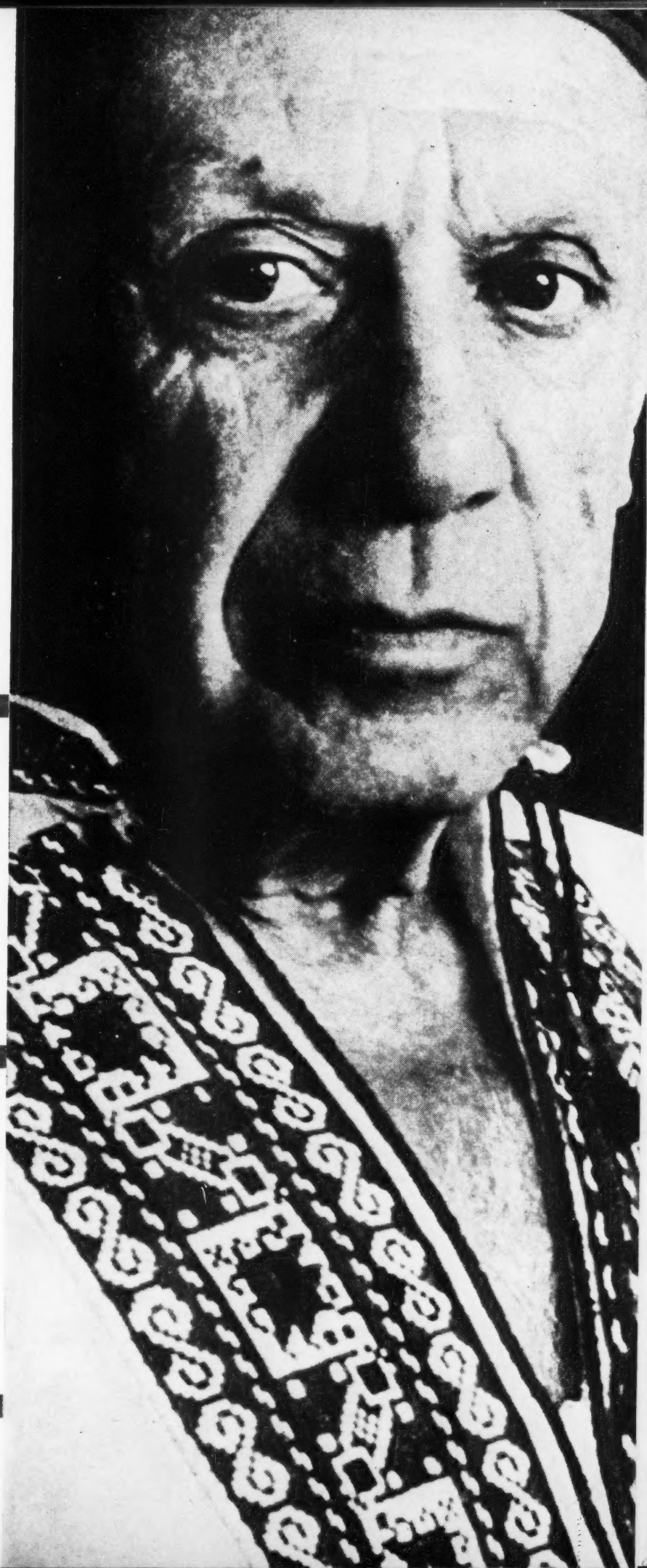
BY FRANK DREA

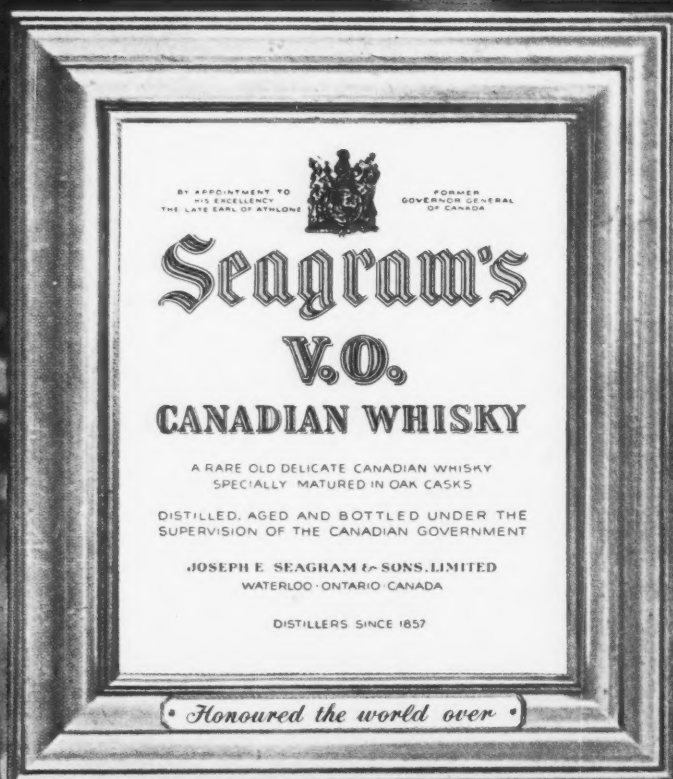
## *There Is No Such Thing As Neutrality*

BY JOHN GELLNER

## *Christmas Books: Picasso, Callaghan & Mackenzie King*

IN REVIEW





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# SATURDAY SN NIGHT

DECEMBER 9, 1961

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## Inside Story

**THE COVER: Pablo Picasso.** See leading review in Christmas Books.

Just about every Canadian anywhere knows by now that Toronto's Royal York, the CPR's largest hotel, is being struck. But how many know what the dispute is all about? **Frank Drea**, SN's labor reporter, sets out the facts on this bizarre dispute and shows how a straightforward demand for more pay has become a community vendetta. **THE STRIKE THAT SPLIT A CITY**

**John Gellner**, SN's Overseas Editor is now operational from his residential base at Chalet Doheim, Hilterfingen, Switzerland. In this contribution he flatfootedly states that neutrality is "bunk" because it (1) runs counter to the general trend of international politics; (2) it cannot be maintained in conditions of modern warfare, and (3) it gives to the country which espouses it only a very temporary protection and that only in the single eventuality of an all-out war.

## THERE IS NO SUCH THING AS NEUTRALITY

What Santa tucks in the Yuletide stocking is no longer just big business — it is big business for business. Free-lance writer **Harry McDougall** examines the extent of the operation and its chief categories of calendars, giveaways, advertising specialties and industrial gifts. The unit cost in each of the first three is small; over the last bracket a curtain of secrecy falls — its volume is said to be equal to the others combined.

## ADVERTISING SPECIALTIES ARE BIG BUSINESS

Contributing Editor **John A. Irving** was Professor and Head of the Department of Philosophy and Psychology at UBC from 1938 to 1945 and during that period travelled throughout the Province studying its economic problems. He contributes a carefully researched profile on UBC's ex-professor and ex-Dean **Gordon Merritt Shrum**, the man chosen by Premier **W. A. C. Bennett** to head the total B.C. power enterprise.

## GORDON SHRUM: B.C. ELECTRIC'S NEW MAN OF ACTION

In this issue 16 pages devoted to the best reading for Christmas. Reviewers include: **Tony Emery**, Assistant Professor of English, Victoria College, Victoria, B.C.; **Ramsay Cook**, Assistant Professor of History, U. of T.; **Kildare Dobbs**, **Mary Lowrey Ross**, **Arnold Edinborough** and others.

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## \* LETTERS

### *The CST Foundation*

As the seven directors of CST Foundation, we feel that we have a duty to comment on the article "Education Stakes in Canada" by David Fulton in your issue of November 11, 1961.

Contrary to the impression which Mr. Fulton seeks to create, this Foundation and its Plan are a public responsibility which each of us has undertaken individually, earnestly and thoughtfully. As Mr. Fulton was told, the initial idea came from Mr. Truesdell but the CST Plan was worked out in Canada.

One of our number did in fact send all his children to University by regular savings in separate savings accounts, and could readily see what a strength there is in such a program, if it be done together with others for the benefit of a larger number of children who do in fact go to university.

We all recognized the project as an original and worthwhile way of dealing with an individual problem in a collective way and were happy to make it available to Canadians who wished it.

The Plan does not purport to be a way of investing money for a money return nor a form of insurance. It is purely a savings plan for people who regard the sending of children to university of high importance in discharging their responsibilities to children. For such a purpose we have no doubt that it is the most efficient and least costly plan.

It can and does offer no fixed amount. What it must do and what is of central importance to the Plan is that it must provide absolute security that the money deposited less the enrolment fee is always available to the subscriber, that the interest earned up to university age is available without deduction to the children who can and do go to university and that discretions are fairly exercised.

The Scholarship Agreements and the agreements with Eastern Trust Company in fact ensure this, and we have ventured to put ourselves forward as persons ready to lend assurance to these basic undertakings and to enforce them.

When we assumed this responsibility we were anxious that no one would join the Plan as the result of pressure selling and we therefore stipulated that anyone could withdraw without expense or obligation in the first month.

We also provided that substantial portions of the enrolment fee would be available in our hands to meet some of the possibilities which Mr. Fulton discusses. We have little doubt that these reserves will be sufficient if the Plan continues to be accepted at the present rate or better.

That being the case, we take exception to Mr. Fulton's efforts to discredit the Plan and particularly to his implication that either ourselves or the Trust Company are passively or actively assisting in "misleading the public or at least not telling them the whole story." No one has any grounds to say that about any of us either individually or collectively in any of our relations in life, and least of all Mr. Fulton who has written his article for profit largely from information which we gladly made available to him.

The fact is that sustained effort and substantial money are required in order to introduce a Plan of this novel character to the public so that those who freely wish to join it may do so. There must be some means of telling the public what the Plan is. Although one of our number provided the credit for our own operations and the initial administration costs, we were pleased that the originator of the idea was prepared to undertake the other risks and tasks, on terms which seemed to us to be fair and which give us and the Trust Company a power of veto.

Mr. Fulton's point of view seems to be that the use of the word "non-profit" is misleading or does not tell the whole truth. He was assured that it was not considered by us to be misleading and he might well have accepted that. As to telling the whole truth, everyone is told and knows that there is an enrolment fee of \$100. Everyone enjoys the benefit of the sales effort and of a Plan for which there is no other administration charge whatsoever. We think everyone who joins the Plan is under no misapprehension on this score nor need be.

As for profit, as Mr. Fulton was told, not only are we what we profess to be, every one of us, but those others who have undertaken the sales responsibility have and must continue to make a very substantial investment to discharge it and have not yet and will not for some time have any return whatsoever on that investment.

We do not agree that Mr. Fulton's criticism of the use of the word "non-profit" and the other implications he seeks to make are valid, fair or well-intentioned. We regret that there are mis-statements of fact in his text. These may be inadvertent, but we were ready to check the facts and text for you. You did not avail yourself of the opportunity.

We welcome the kind of controversy that papers of opinion such as SATURDAY NIGHT seek to develop, but we question respectfully the virtue of attacking the good faith of plans such as the CST Foundation Plan, which can, if supported, provide a significant and proper source of private savings for university education and relieve the rising dependence on general taxes.

We have commended it to the public, and continue to do so with conviction.

A. C. A. ADAMSON  
K. LEM. CARTER  
C. C. GOLDRING  
A. C. LEWIS  
GLADYS E. NEALE  
A. V. PIGOTT  
PETER WRIGHT

*Editor's note: SN does not question the integrity of the directors of CST Foundation. This point was emphasized in the article in question.*

*"There is no question, the CST Foundation is a non-profit, charitable foundation. All of the people involved are of unquestioned integrity with a sincere interest in education."*

*But Scholareps, the selling unit for the plan, is another matter. The operation of Scholareps has all the earmarks of a high-pressure U.S. company interested only in profit. SN understands that in addition to the usual selling techniques of door-to-door street canvass and telephone solicitation, Scholareps has tried, apparently unsuccessfully, to sell franchises at about \$20,000 each.*

*Under the franchise sale plan, the investor would receive interest on his money plus a commission of \$5 for each plan sold in his area for the first few years and then \$1 for each plan sold within 20 years. The scheme was presented, apparently, in a way which indicated that the investor could expect to recover his investment within three years.*

*SN sees no reason to change its view either of CST Foundation or Scholareps except to add two observations. The first is that it now looks as if an idea with some basic merit is being misused. The second is that exploitation for profit of the lack of scholarship funds in this country does a disservice to us all.*



### Tabular Trouble

May I congratulate you on the glue that you use on your address tabs.

For many months now we have been unable to read the first heading on the front page because the glue you use will not come off the address tab. For instance, a recent copy just tells us "Islam sweeps into the".

We will never know where Islam sweeps, because we cannot read any further owing to the address tab. We have torn the address tab off to try to peer underneath it and the printing comes too.

May we humbly suggest you put the address tab on the picture or anywhere except where you have a heading that we would like to read. SATURDAY NIGHT is one of our favorite magazines and we hope this little irritation will be corrected.

VANCOUVER

HENRY KEMP

*Editor's note: No longer a problem. See cover of this issue.*

### Tropical Province?

SN of Nov. 11 was a very interesting issue.

J. B. Pomerant's article on our law court practices deserves serious consideration and, it is to be hoped, will stir the consciences of those who are in a position to effect the reforms he suggests.

Kenneth McNaught makes a very strong argument in favor of Canada "adopting" the West Indies.

This Canadian, for one, would like to see this accomplished and, owing to the present conditions down there and the rearranging of the world in general, it would seem to be a very fitting time to begin negotiations. The move would be profitable to all, politically great and highly altruistic and what greater aims can a nation have than these?

Moreover it would tend to convince Commonwealth members that Canada has a real interest in its survival notwithstanding its hostile tariff tinkering and discouraging Accra eloquence.

So let us try and acquire a tropical province and, thereby, also, have a variety of natural products equal to our big neighbor to the South.

CAMLACHIE, ONT.

JOHN HAYNE

### Shaky Case

Joseph B. Pomerant [SN Nov. 11] has greatly weakened an already shaky case by slipping into his article charges that are quite erroneous.

If Pomerant is a barrister, he should know that new arguments cannot be



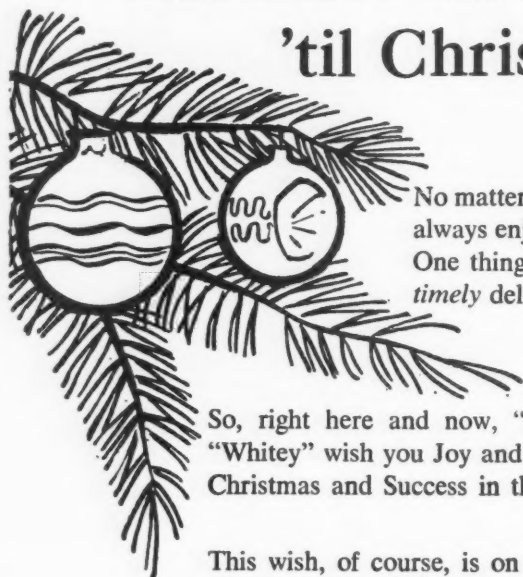
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## "Let's not leave it 'til Christmas Eve"



No matter how old, the young at heart always enjoy preparing for Christmas. One thing is most important . . . the timely delivery of greetings.

So, right here and now, "Blackie" and "Whitey" wish you Joy and Happiness at Christmas and Success in the New Year.

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# 'BLACK & WHITE'

## SCOTCH WHISKY

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raised by counsel in their closing address to the judge and the jury. His allegation that in many cases a man on trial must sit mute while the crown counsel introduces plausible but fallacious arguments is just so much bunk. The author of this article is way off base in this respect and has greatly exaggerated the importance of the right to make the final address to the court.

Pomerant's objections to the manner in which the accused person is treated in court look fine on paper but in fact our juries do not react as the author's vivid imagination would have them. The jury knows that the accused person has been arrested and accused of committing a crime and that the crown proposes to obtain a conviction. Pussy-footing around in the manner suggested by Pomerant would fool nobody and would have little or no effect on our jurymen, whose intelligence he is insulting . . .

WINNIPEG

D. W. HAYES

### *Defenceless Author*

In Letters [SN Nov. 11] you publish, without comment, a rightfully indignant letter from Frank Moorehead of Sarnia with regard to an illustration which accompanied my recent article "Oil: Key to Power and to Politics."

Not even a footnote from the Editor to tell Moorehead and all other SN readers that very rarely indeed do your contributors supply the photographs that accompany their articles — let alone supplying the misleading caption which in this case accompanied the offending photograph. By inference — and your abominable silence — you pass the onus for your own inefficiency upon the unsuspecting and comparatively defenceless author i.e. yours truly.

Publicise forthwith, Sir, my protest, failing which I shall be forced to spread scurilous stories about SATURDAY NIGHT and to picket your downtown offices.

TORONTO

T. W. S. POGSON

*Editor's note: The reason for our moving to 55 York Street was not, however, Pogson.*

### *Essential West*

If ever Anthony West's views were welcome, surely it is now when so much unhealthy propaganda is poisoning the atmosphere. West's "Winds of Sanity" helped me to avoid despair and to realize not everyone has been unprotestingly relegated to the atomic dustbin.

Never mind if he treads on toes — he is essential to-day.

ST. LAMBERT, P.Q.

VICTOR BLEASDALE

SATURDAY NIGHT





## On Our Own Two Feet

IT'S ABOUT TIME Canada stopped crying over the spilt milk of the European Common Market. Despite England's concern about the Commonwealth and despite her politicians' platitudes about the happy family we all should be, the British government has to shape its foreign policy to meet its domestic requirements. Those domestic requirements now demand a link with the European Common Market to maintain Britain's industrial buoyancy, her rising standard of living and her phenomenally high rate of employment.

The political side of the merger is obviously being left aside by Britain for the moment. Seeing that the Commonwealth has survived the expulsion of South Africa, the admission of Cyprus and the granting of republican status to India, Pakistan and Ghana, it shouldn't have much difficulty in creating a yet looser formula which can withstand a federated Europe with Britain in it.

The fact of the matter is that Canada must face up to a serious reorganisation of its whole trade pattern. We would have faced it anyway, since the emergence of the Common Market is in many ways merely a rationalisation and organisation of a rapidly developing trend.

Our export of manufactured goods to the Common Market and to Britain as a member of that Market is going to be curtailed, British officials admit this and say that they will work for some kind of deliberate postponement of the final tariff changes which will bring it about. Our farm goods are already in surplus and with France as uncompromising as she now is, this particular surplus is going to grow. But it is only a difference in degree not in kind which we shall face here.

As for raw materials, such as metals, minerals and lumber, the very quality of our products, their cheapness and the efficiency of our extractive processes will keep these markets against most, if not all, comers.

In addition, we should be aware of the fact that the United States is also going to have to adjust to the Common Market. The likelihood is that she will buy into it and put subsidiaries into it with as much alacrity and acumen as she once bought into Canada. Perhaps the single biggest disaster which we may face is this flight of capital from

the North American continent to the European one.

In the short time that we have to make our own adjustments we can't afford to waste any of it by crying on Mother England's breast or Uncle Sam's shoulder. Uncle Sam has always had a

### For Christmas

IF, NOW that Christmas is so near,  
You think a gift imperative,  
As far as I'm concerned, my dear,  
It matters little what you give.

For almost anything will do —  
It is enough your hands bestow:  
A trip to Rome; a bond or two;  
A thousand shares of Lake Dufault.

VIC

tariff chip on his shoulder and the heart of England is largely made up of pounds, shillings and pence.

As we have said all along in SATURDAY NIGHT we have to go out and create a new pattern of trade on our own initiative. We shall have to rely on our own technical skill, our own business enterprises and a good deal more on our own capital. We shall have to create demands for Canadian manufactured and semi-manufactured products in the Caribbean, in Central America and in South America.

There is an enormous potential in the Caribbean-Latin America area, but we shall have to look sharp and be sharp if it is to be developed to our advantage. But only such development can save us from economic disaster. We should be much more attentive to Hees and his Trade Commissioners than to Fleming and his United Empire Loyalists.

### \* Toronto Borough

OUR ADVERTISING director happened to be in New York on business in the middle of election day. He reports that as he was waiting for the elevator at about 8:30 that morning a somewhat antique woman, not unlike Margaret Rutherford, was obviously in a state of irritation. She asked our man whether he was going to vote. He said he was

not and before he had a chance to explain why, he was almost bowled over by a torrent of acid comment on his lack of civic pride.

When the antique lady paused for breath he nipped in quickly to say that the main reason for his not voting for the mayor of New York was that he came from Toronto.

The old lady banged her stick soundly on the broadloom and said: "It doesn't matter what part of New York City you are from young man, it is your duty to vote".

### \* Getting Serious About CD

THE DECISION to hold Exercise Tocsin B was purely political. The provincial and municipal authorities were not ready for it. The people generally were not prepared for it either psychologically or physically. All that it did was to show the large area in which no progress has been made since Tocsin One, six months ago.

The political results of Tocsin B, though, may be as explosive for Ottawa as the simulated atomic bombs which fell across Canada last month. As the correspondence columns of papers right across the country have shown, people are angry about civil defence. They are angry because they are confused, inadequately informed and almost totally neglected.

Mr. Diefenbaker and his ten provincial counterparts are either now in, or getting ready to move in to, special little fox holes, but the people whom they are supposed to govern from these fox holes have been offered no protection. And it's no good saying that each man is responsible for his own defence.

In the first place there is a sizable minority who really don't want to remain alive after an atomic holocaust. Second, there is a sizable minority who do not believe that any kind of shelter yet known can keep it alive. Third, the majority, if so it be, thinks now that if it does construct a shelter it will have to pay for it out of already taxed money and to lay itself open in many areas to additional municipal taxes.

If all the shambles which Tocsin B created in actual psychological fact as well as in imagined physical theory is to be resolved at all, it can only be resolved effectively by some hard think-



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LIQUEURS

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ing on the part of the government. The government must decide:

1. Whether we are to be a participant in an atomic war;
2. Whether we hope to be merely involved as a buffer state;
3. Whether we are really serious about surviving in either case.

If we can reject participation by not accepting nuclear arms then we can divert some of the money now being spent on the build-up for these arms to a first rate civil defence system such as Sweden now has. (See SN November 8, 1958). When the government decides to do this the people will no doubt become serious about the matter too. Then we may at least survive an error of big power judgment. As it is, we scarcely survived Tocsin B.

### \* *Vive la Difference*

RUSSIA'S LAUNCHING of Sputnik I put the whole military research organisation of the United States into a tizzy. The call was for more money, more intensive effort and more basic research.

Just how basic that research is we had not realised until we read of a signal sent by the Naval Medical School, Pensacola, Florida, to the Chief of Naval Operations in Washington:

"Request authority for civilian Miss Jerrie Cobb to fly in Naval aircraft for purposes of baseline studies designed to determine fundamental differences between male and female astronauts".

Do they really have to fly to discover them?

### \* *Speakthink*

IN HIS NOVEL 1984 George Orwell outlined many things about the state which have come all too uncomfortably close to being true. Big Brother may not be watching us yet from the TV screens but we are moving into the area of "speakthink" very fast.

"People's democracy" now means a country governed by tyranny of the few over the many and most so-called "peace" congresses are devoted to the perpetuation and fomenting of the Cold War.

One other nail was hammered into the coffin of semantic sanity the other night at a meeting our man attended in Toronto. It was a meeting of the editors of the ethnic press — a band of men trying to fight Communism in a dedicated fashion.

One of their number asked the rest if there was any possibility of setting up a central group to find out and establish the credentials of the responsible people behind any new ethnic organisation — organisations which are con-

stantly sought after by Communists as fronts.

"At the moment," he said, "all we can do is to act on the assumption that, if the group has freedom in its title, it is likely to be Communist-controlled."

Or, as Orwell said, freedom now means slavery.

### \* *Back to Eden*

IT WAS FIVE days after the B bomb had fallen. To the horizon all was ashes and desolation.

Slowly out of the rubble a man painfully emerged, hollow-eyed, rather scorched and naked.

As he gazed on the scene of desolation all around, the rubble stirred near him. A woman, rather less hollow-eyed, somewhat less scorched, but equally in a state of nature, slowly emerged.

"Hi, how are you?" said the woman.

"I am hungry" said the man. "I have not eaten since it happened".

"Just a minute" said the woman and crawled back down into the rubble.

After a while she appeared again with a shiny red McIntosh apple in her hand.

"Oh, no" said the man. "Let's not start that all over again."

### \* *Reindeer Crisis*

WITH A NICE SENSE of timing Al Oeming, an Edmonton biologist and manager of an Alberta game farm, announced a week ago that he wanted no more to do with 8,000 Arctic reindeer which he had been looking after for the Federal Government.

For five years now the Department of Northern Affairs has been trying to train Eskimos to herd the reindeer and hoped that reindeer and caribou would produce a new strain of Arctic animal which would help the still-nomadic Eskimos of the Northwest Territories.

The Eskimos prefer to kill the reindeer rather than breed them with caribou. Al Oeming and his partner John Teal seem to have got bogged down in their relationships with the Government.

An enterprising government would, of course, have placed the reindeer on sale so that a team of eight real reindeer could have led the Christmas parades in 1,000 separate municipalities. But since there is no prospect of an immediate election, Mr. Diefenbaker obviously did not want to play Santa Claus just yet.

### \* *K on the Skids?*

THE ITALIAN COMMUNIST party is the strongest Communist party in the West. The attitude it took to the recent



changes of policy announced by Khrushchov in Russia is very interesting. Palmiro Togliatti, the last of the leaders of the old Comintern still both alive *and* in the good graces of Moscow, confessed at a recent Central Committee meeting that even he was "personally perplexed" over the change of the name Stalingrad to Volgograd.

Other speakers were less discreet than Togliatti. They asked for more information about what was happening in the CPSU; they criticized Soviet nuclear tests; they protested against the tendency of branding as an "enemy of the party" any Communist who has his own opinion on a subject. One member of the Central Committee, Signor Almendola, even demanded a greater autonomy from Moscow for the world Communist movement, so that it would not always be embarrassed by changes in Soviet policy.

Which all goes to show that we in the West are too ready to consider the Communist bloc to be much more closely knit than it really is. Not even the Soviet Union is as monolithic as is generally believed.

If it were, Khrushchov would not have to foam at the mouth in his denunciations of Stalin; he would not have to be so petty as to move the latter's remains to a lower-class burial place; he would not have to persecute old colleagues from the Stalin era. Four years ago, when the "anti-party group" was defeated politically, Khrushchov was strong enough to be magnanimous. It looks as if he were that strong no longer.

### \* Unusual Revolution

AT FIRST SIGHT, there was nothing remarkable about the latest revolution in Ecuador, which brought to power Sen. Carlos Julio Arosemena. After all, it was the 22nd revolution in the short history of that Latin American country, whose political instability is perhaps best shown by the fact that the loser, Sen. Velasco Ibarra, has been elected president four times in the last 25 years, but has completed only one term of office.

That in the affray the armed forces were divided was also not unusual — this happened just last Summer in Brazil — although the form the division took was uncommonly violent. Not even in those parts do airmen normally attack, with rockets fired from jet aircraft, their colleagues in the army.

What was extraordinary was that the armed forces did not trigger, and indeed seem not to have wanted, this Ecuadorian revolution. It was a civilian, one could even say a semi-popular, revolt, following the trend set in Cuba.



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\*For some unknown reason, 31 years ago, Grand Macnish was listed in North America at a popular price. Elsewhere it was sold and is *still* sold, at a premium price. In Canada, therefore, it is one of the great Scotch Whiskies, and one of the greatest values obtainable.

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"Fidelism" has obviously jumped from Central to South America.

If this should become the rule, then we must expect bloodier revolutions than in the past, and of sharply anti-Western character. The power-hungry generals used to carry out their "coups" almost in accordance with some unwritten rules of the game, dispassionately, with the minimum of bloodshed. Theirs was, although this must sound like a contradiction in terms, a conservative revolutionary force.

The wild-eyed young intellectuals who constitute the new revolutionary force are fanatics, with good intentions at times, but intolerant, heavy-handed, violent as fanatics are. We in the West used to look with annoyance at the typical, comic-opera, military "putsch" in South America. We may soon look back at it with nostalgia.

### \* Marriage and Divorce

THE INADEQUACY of our divorce laws will always give a newspaper columnist a good filler on a bad day. No university debating season can quite omit the subject and even *Fighting Words* comes back to it from time to time.

Our girl-in-the-library, taking a different tack, found out some interesting things about the inadequacies of our marriage laws on a recent afternoon.

- In five out of 10 Canadian provinces girls can marry legally at 12 years old. She arrived at this conclusion since there is no minimum age specifically prescribed for marriage in Newfoundland, Prince Edward Island, New Brunswick and Nova Scotia and the age set by common law is 12, with parents' consent.

- In Quebec the legal age is 12 for girls and 14 for boys.

- In Ontario the legal age is 14 providing the father consents.

- In the other four provinces the age is 15 and 16 years with parents' consent.

She also found, from other statistics, that one-third of all marriages contracted by people under the age of 20 end in divorce.

There seems to be a correlation here which would bear a little study by the various Departments of Justice in this country.

### \* Viennese Irony

MOLOTOV, once too friendly with Stalin, is now getting his comeuppance. As he faces his uncertain future in Moscow he may remember ruefully that the capitalist street he lived on in Vienna, and which he left to return to Moscow, was called *The Street of the Good Life*. Ironical, to say the least.





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SATURDAY NIGHT



# The Strike That Split A City

By FRANK DREA

THE ROYAL YORK is the Commonwealth's largest hotel and the showplace of convention-conscious Toronto. But many of the 1,600 rooms and 28 convention salons have been empty this Fall because of a 30-week-old strike which has mushroomed into far more than an economic struggle.

Indeed, it has become a community vendetta — a vendetta in which there are no shades of grey only stark blacks and whites. If you cross the picket lines, maintained by orderly, well-dressed, yellow-placarded strikers, your very entry is assumed to be a declaration of your support of management. Conversely, if you refuse to cross the picket lines, you are automatically branded a friend of labor.

At some time in the seven-month strike, virtually every person in Toronto has had to take the loyalty test — to enter or not to enter. No group and no person has been exempt, not even the United Appeal or Prime Minister John Diefenbaker.

As a matter of fact the Prime Minister will not enter the hotel; neither will his cabinet. As Ontario Premier, Leslie Frost would not cross the picket line and paid homage to both sides by continuing to pay for a suite while living in another hotel.

Yet the elected official closest to the strike scene, Toronto mayor Nathan Phillips frequently crosses the picket lines although he must endure savage barbs (particularly the recurring one of labor publicist Murray Cotterill on the mayor's "uncontrollable lust for chicken croquets") to continue his role of civic greeter.

Toronto city council will not enter the hotel or pay for any municipal function held there, yet the non-elected chairman of Metropolitan Toronto council, Fred Gardiner, enters at will. The Musicians Union will not permit its members to play at the Royal York but the Elevator Constructors Union



orders its men to perform daily maintenance on the hotel elevators.

The steamfitters union refuses to let its men re-connect a steam pipe that links the hotel with a railway steam plant although unionized workers in the steam plant see nothing wrong with producing the heat for the Royal York. But these are the publicized decisions. There is little publicity of the vicious hurtful internal struggles that have been waged inside organizations with wide community backing like charitable or education groups over whether to cross or not to cross.

Visiting dignitaries get headline treatment when they make their decision on the Royal York although many have insisted they never had any intention of staying in the hotel and knew nothing about a strike. The Lord Mayor of Bristol not only refused to cross the picket-line but castigated his Toronto hosts for not telling him a strike was in progress.

Yet war hero Lord Montgomery, who also did not know a strike was on, saw nothing wrong with staying in the hotel and speaking at a dinner.

The most agonizing decision came for a distillery, which had its annual football awards dinner scheduled for the Royal York. If it moved out, it was slapping the face of the CPR, a prime customer. If it remained, would the bartenders union put its brands on the unfair list and refuse to serve them in North American bars, taverns and hotels?

The memory of what happened to the sales of a rival distillery that was placed on the bartenders unfair list helped the perplexed distillery to make up its mind and hold its dinner elsewhere.

But perhaps the biggest affront came when one of Premier Frost's cabinet members, James Allen, who had continued to reside in the hotel despite the strike, moved out at the moment he

formally threw his hat into the ring for the leadership. The leadership convention itself pulled out of the hotel although it reserved 500 rooms for delegates who wanted to stay there.

Even an offer by hotel manager Angus MacKinnon to pick up a \$10,000 tab for two United Appeal luncheons failed to keep these two functions in the Royal York. Although it tried to arrange a temporary truce, the United Appeal moved its luncheons for volunteer workers into an armory, noting that almost one-third of its canvassers had some ties with organized labor.

Such normally neutral organizations as the Roman Catholic Church have withdrawn functions from the strike-bound hotel. Yet on the other side, groups such as the Board of Trade are making a fetish of holding functions in the hotel.

Even insurance agents anxiously phone clients to tell them that they are forced to attend company dinners in the hotel. They emphasize that they would not enter the Royal York except under company compulsion.

A measure of the intensity of the struggle is underlined by the difficulties such non-profit, non-ideological groups as the War Amputations of Canada and the Victorian Order of Nurses found besetting them after holding meetings in the Royal York. The War Amps were threatened with labor boycotts on the license tabs they mail out yearly and labor groups warned the VON not to expect contributions in the future.

Both pleaded that they were unable to change hotels at the last minute. Yet a teachers' group cancelled a convention four hours before its start rather than become embroiled.

The strike hit the hotel after months of building, with awesome speed on the afternoon of April 24 when 1,350 employees, including temporary help walked off the job just between shifts.

Negotiations for a new agreement had been under way since June 1960, two months before the old agreement formally expired. The mandatory conciliation proceedings dragged through until January with the mediation board recommending both sides get together for more bargaining.

The original strike cause (and it has altered dozens of times since) was this: employees had rejected overwhelmingly a company offer of 2½ cents an hour when Archie Johnstone, Canadian vice-president of the Hotel and Club Employees Union, was pressing for a ten cents increase over 33 months with a hefty part of the first increase retroactive to the previous August.

Side issues included the hotel demand

### Core of the Dispute

WAGE RATES are the core of the dispute between the Royal York and the Hotel and Club Employees Union.

Here is a representative selection of some employee wage categories in a hotel with dozens of wage classifications. For those who returned to work and for new employees, these pre-strike rates have been increased by \$4.35 a month (2½ cents an hour).

The measurement of pay is the month (174 hours).

Page Boy	\$118.46
Bellman	\$154.08
Waiter	
(Venetian Cafe)	\$169.48
and three meals a day.	
Waitress	
(Coffee Shop)	\$174.00
and three meals a day.	
Chambermaid	\$194.36
Waiter (Beverages)	\$199.08
and three meals a day.	
Dishwasher	\$199.08
and one meal a day.	
Telephone Operator	\$207.23
Room Clerk	\$281.44
Roast Cook	\$320.83
and three meals a day.	
Pastry Chef	\$400.03
and three meals a day.	

that the layoff notice of seven days be changed to 48 hours to give management more flexibility in its operations. These were the issues as Ontario's highly skilled chief conciliation officer, Louis Fine, called the parties together.

Four days before the strike began, Fine suggested the hotel bring its offer up to 3½ cents and the union scale down its demands to meet this figure. On the day of the strike, the union indicated that 3½ cents wasn't enough and Fine said they were obliged to report the offer to the membership.

At this point the already tense bargaining position exploded when the union accused the company of teletyping instructions to other CPR hotels to ready an airlift of key personnel to man the Royal York in the event of a strike.

The union protested that noon editions of newspapers carried advertisements for all types of hotel help and demanded to be at a meeting management had scheduled for employees that afternoon. There were 600 employees in the hotel's plush Canadian Room, waiting for the MacKinnon speech, when the strike was called. The 600 were shepherded out by stewards and the incoming shift learned of the strike from notices posted on employees' entrances.

Left behind was a hotel with unmade beds, dirty dishes, partially cooked food and — in management's eyes the most heinous crime of all — cash drawers abandoned without any protection. The hotel had 2,200 guests that day and a convention in full swing. But the Royal York rallied quickly and, with the help of the airlift, a trickle of strikers who quickly returned to work and an employment office across the street in Union Station it continued to operate.

A tunnel connecting the station and the lower lobby of the hotel turned out to be a big weapon as new employees were quickly hustled underneath the picket lines and into their new jobs. The strikers tried to picket at tunnel entrances but were ushered away by CPR police. They went to the courts for the right to picket but were rebuffed because the passage was private property.

Thus began the war of attrition, — a war intensified as the Toronto Labor Council found out how much influence it wielded in a metropolitan area never regarded as a union stronghold. Politicians skittered away from the hotel, groups warned that they would have to cancel unless there was a settlement and Mayor Phillips offered mediation.

In the next three months, the battle lines hardened as the hotel listed new conditions for a settlement which include: four hours notice of layoff; an end to the Rand formula on dues (all employees pay dues although they do not have to join the union); removal of 225 persons from the bargaining unit; a 2½ cents raise for the first 18 months and another cent for the last 18 months.

This is substantially the hotel position today except for one major action which is probably the biggest blunder ever made by a corporation that is so dependent on its public image for much of its success.

This was the firing of 600 strikers in mid-July, a dismissal which followed a public warning that such action would be taken unless individual strikers offered to return to work at the convenience of management. The CPR will give no reason for the harsh line and privately some officials concede that it threatens to haunt the railway for some years to come.

By its own admission, the strike has cost the Royal York 20 per cent. of its business, a heavy blow for an organization that two years ago invested \$18,000,000 in a new, air-conditioned wing to make sure that the newly built rival in Montreal, the 1,400-room Queen Elizabeth Hotel, would not become the convention centre of Canada.

In figures presented to a hearing on whether the remaining 625 strikers



were entitled to unemployment insurance benefits (under a clause that permits such benefits when a strikebound firm is back to 85 per cent of normal operations) the Royal York opened its books to show the impact of the strike.

In the period Sept. 1-Oct. 7, room occupancy was down 17.3 per cent from the same period a year ago; beverage sales were down 29.3 per cent; meals had declined 27.6 per cent and staff was down 21 per cent.

An indication of the public boycott was that the public bars in the Royal York served only 84,203 drinks in the five-week period compared to 120,152 the year before. Meals had dwindled to 75,026 compared to 95,247 in the same 1960 period.

And there was another indication of resentment as the city itself pressed for \$165,000 in business taxes from the hotel, normally immune from such levies because it is a railway hotel. The city indicated that it considered the Royal York no different from other hotels in an era of plane and auto travel and would ask the Ontario Government for legislation to tax the hotel fully if it would not voluntarily agree to pay the levy.

The hotel angrily replied that its present return of \$1,000,000 did not justify the capital invested in the property and started hinting that it might convert all or part of the Royal York into a merchandise mart.

On the union side, a dues increase debate revealed the cost of the walkout. The quarter-million-dollar strike fund of striking Local 299 has been rapidly depleted. The total strike cost has been \$580,000 (only made possible by strike donations from labor groups and the parent international union). Strike leader Johnstone said the weekly benefits now total \$12,000-\$13,000 compared to \$27,000 when the strike was a few days old.

Five hundred of the original strikers have returned to work, another 225 have found other permanent jobs and 625 are willing to return to work at the hotel. The fate of the 625 forms the major barrier separating the union and hotel.

For the hotel, which has continuously pointed out that it has "won" the strike, stresses that "some of the persons who worked in the Royal York Hotel and are still on strike will never return to the Royal York. They have been replaced by better employees." However, in the same message, the hotel expressed an obligation to the people who have worked during the strike. But there are growing indications that the hotel is willing to rehire the strikers provided it has a period of time to do so.

Basically the hotel position has never wavered. It wants to get rid of the picket line outside its doors because it is hurting business but the union price in terms of wages, seniority, layoff notices, checkoff and, of course, the rehiring, have so far proved too steep for the CPR.

However, the Royal York still insists that it is paying higher wages than its Toronto competition, none of which seriously challenges its position as a convention hotel, and the Queen Elizabeth in Montreal, which is only too anxious to whittle away at its business. The Queen Elizabeth, owned by the Canadian National Railways but operated by Hilton Hotels, was quick to capitalize on the strike difficulty as



Copyright, Toronto Star

*"Pickets, Shmickets, It's time to Eat".*

it ripped up a union agreement that had a year to run and signed a three-year pact providing 10 cents in wage increases.

It also invited Canada's Mr. Labor, Claude Jodoin, to take part in a ceremonial signing of the new agreement in front of the hotel employees. The Montreal hotel refers to the pact as "unparalleled in Canadian labor relations" and said Mr. Jodoin was invited as an "indication of the importance of this mutually acceptable agreement."

Despite the intensity of the Royal York struggle, seldom has so dignified a strike been conducted. There has been no violence although a cordon of police has been round the hotel for months. The strike leaders obviously have pegged their hopes for success on public opinion and the impact of the pickets. As Johnstone has noted several times, the union expects the "dignity of the workers who made the Royal York world famous will carry them to victory."

Labor spokesmen are demanding that the city put more pressure on the hotel since a number of conventions have been lost including two that would have been high spending; the Canadian Conference on Education, which has moved to Montreal, and the Oil, Chemical &

Atomic Workers, moved to Chicago.

But William Murdoch, managing director of the Toronto Convention and Tourist Bureau, insists that the strike has not crimped convention activity although it isn't the best thing for public relations. He said business was ahead of 1960, probably because of the Kiwanis convention, where 18,000 delegates, guests and families jammed into the Toronto area and filled every hotel, motel and tourist room facility in a 30-mile radius.

However, a shoe shine boy in the hotel ruefully notes that business isn't all that good. His take has dropped to \$30-\$35 weekly compared to \$45-\$50 in pre-strike days. Cab drivers who once fought to book from the Royal York, now claim business is slumping and tipping is down.

In essence, the hotel's biggest battle and that of the CPR is no longer concentrated on the union. Instead, the railway is fighting to preserve its public image, already damaged despite the work of its skilful and talented publicists.

As *The Globe and Mail*, which considers itself the voice of the latter day patricians, complained: "never before has so much community pressure been exerted against a business involved in a mere labor dispute." It went on to demand an end to growing labor arrogance and power, blaming timid politicians who were afraid to cross picket lines for an imminent state of anarchy.

Yet the hotel strike has long ceased to be a mere labor dispute. The Board of Trade, in its scheduled farewell dinner to retiring Metro chairman Gardiner, is determined to hold the function in the hotel, even if no politician shows up. It claims to have sold out tickets for the affair.

This brings the mocking cries from labor groups of a loyalty oath for management, although it is almost identical to the demands of unions that community groups shun the Royal York. Or the chorus of criticism that met a member of the Carpenters Union who pleaded that the strikebreakers not be called names because they were only unemployed people looking for work.

His local took him to task and issued public statements that the other members certainly did not endorse this attitude.

But the strike has also illustrated a changing Canadian social structure, particularly in volunteer and educational organizations. Two decades ago, few of these groups would have even stopped to think of repercussions when entering the Royal York. Now the diffusion of labor unions into community affairs has made such second thoughts an integral part of virtually every meeting.

# There Is No Such Thing As Neutrality

BY JOHN GELLNER

HOWARD GREEN said recently that the position of the non-nuclear powers was "intolerable". He may just as well have added that the position of the countries possessing nuclear weapons is equally intolerable.

Above them, as above us, hang the estimated 60,000 megatons of accumulated and held-at-the-ready nuclear military power, curbed only by the good sense and by the fears of the men who control it. People may well be sceptical about the good sense of statesmen after what they have seen of them in this century. Deterrence is undoubtedly a better safeguard of peace, but it, too, presupposes clear thinking on the part of those upon whom good behavior is forced.

Under these circumstances, it is only natural that governments and the ordinary people whom they represent are casting about for a way of escaping from the perils which surround them. This accounts for the fact that even neutrality has become fashionable again as a national policy, when it seemed already dead and buried just like other equally outworn concepts of international law.

To a small country, any device which looks as if it might allow it to stand aside from the struggle of the behemoths must seem attractive. The idea that if one is not allied with either the United States or the Soviet Union one will not be on the receiving end of nuclear bombardment, is not, at that, so irrational.

An all-out nuclear war — and no other is thinkable between the two super-powers — will almost certainly be a matter of blow and counter-blow, at worst with some feeble follow-up by what, to use the old terminology quite inappropriate to nuclear war, may be called the "winning" side.

The Soviets would have the added task of having to try to destroy Great Britain and France in passing. (If they did not do that, these two would be the masters of the world after the United States and the Soviet Union had gone to their doom.)

In view of the comparative weakness of both sides in weapons-carriers, no

bombs could obviously be spared on anybody who did not have nuclear arms and did not harbor military formations of a warring side equipped, or suspected of being equipped, with nuclear arms. Thus strict neutrality, if it were feasible, would probably mean survival in all-out nuclear war.

Added to this are the apparent advantages of sitting on the fence. Switzerland, whose neutrality is usually given as an example, has shown that, at least in the past, it paid not to choose sides.

In a span of 12 years, Switzerland was invited four times to do so: in 1939 by the Allies, in 1940 by Germany, in 1944 by the Allies again, in 1951 by NATO. It declined every time; in the first two instances to its great good fortune (the Swiss have had no kindly invitation from the Warsaw Pact as yet, but give it time).

To many ordinary citizens of the free countries of the West, neutrality appears, above all, a means of preserving their cherished way of life. What they are really concerned about is their material comfort, for very little thought is being given to the ideological content.

With characteristic naïveté, British and German and Dutch — and Canadian — neutralists believe that they would not have to protect their standard of living, that they would not have to make material and personal sacrifices, that they would not have to suffer, if their countries only kept aloof from all risks of hot, and all manifestations of cold war.

The Canadian neutralists are a very special case, for they are trying to square neutrality with a close political connection with the United States, which their innate inhibitions (and perhaps their sound instincts) compel them to continue. Thus they have it one over the neutralists of other Western countries: they want the absolute best of all worlds, non-involvement but co-operation with all international organizations, and the protecting wings of the United States on top of it without giving much, if anything, in return.

They rationalize this all-too-comfort-

able standpoint by saying that Canada would actually be of greater use to the United States as a neutral than as an ally — this was James M. Minifie's astounding thesis in his *Peacemaker or Powdermonkey*. Apart from it being a shockingly un-neutral attitude, it is one for which the Americans really cannot be expected to have much understanding.

The fact is that in our days neutrality is bunk. It is bunk

- because it runs counter to the general trend of international politics;

- because it cannot be maintained in conditions of modern warfare; and

- because it gives to the country which espouses it only a very temporary protection, and that only in the single eventuality of an all-out nuclear war. This may sound like a bland and harsh judgment, but it is one which is not really difficult to prove.

What the neutralists, not even the most level-headed among them, do not seem to recognize is that neutrality and international solidarity are mutually exclusive. A country cannot be neutral and at the same time be a *bona fide* member of the United Nations, or of, say, the Organization of American States.

The new Secretary-General of the UN, U Thant, brought this out clearly when he promised to be "impartial but not neutral". And Switzerland shows the inescapable consequences of its "perpetual neutrality" by its staying outside the world body.

This is only logical. The idea of the United Nations is to maintain peace by taking the side of the country adjudged to be in the right against the country adjudged to be in the wrong, and then backing up its decision by corporate action against the wrongdoer. A neutral power, if it wants to keep itself within the definition of neutrality set down in the Hague Convention of 1907 (and no other definition exists in international law), must not judge; even less must it succor a party in an armed dispute.

Consequently, the Swiss can and do assist now in maintaining the Korean Armistice, but they would have ceased



to be neutrals had they taken part in the Korean War or even in any de-liberation connected with the pursuit of it. Similarly, Switzerland could not have anything to do with the UN action in the Congo, for there the UN is a party to a conflict and has actually fought an opponent in Katanga.

The fact that two other avowed European neutrals, Sweden and Austria, work actively in and with the United Nations proves nothing. These countries in truth are not neutrals, because they play fast and loose with the established principles of neutrality. As a consequence, they cannot rightly expect the protection which, under international law, neutrality affords.

Historically, neutrality is a device by which a small country endeavors to preserve its absolute sovereignty. This is the sense of the neutrality of Switzerland, a country squeezed between three big, and in the past often inimical powers: Germany, France and Italy. Neutrality simply does not go with a partial surrender of sovereignty which results from an association of nations.

"Let's redefine neutrality, then", the neutralists will say, "to make it compatible with international solidarity". But can this be done? The 1907 Hague Convention establishes a very definite *quid pro quo* which constitutes the very foundation of neutrality: the neutral pledges not to interfere in the squabbles of others and in return receives the right to demand that he not be interfered with by the belligerents.

Any limitation of the commitment on one side (and corporate rather than independent action must eventually lead to such a limitation) would of necessity result in limitation on the other, thus destroying the concept of neutrality.

It is, of course, not enough for a neutral to leave others in peace, in order to be left in peace by them. He must also have the power and the determination to maintain his neutrality by force of arms, if need be. In fact, for a neutral to tolerate a breach of neutrality by one party to an armed conflict is in itself a breach of neutrality, because it is likely to put the other side to a disadvantage. All this is clearly brought out in the 1907 Convention. The latter recognizes nothing but armed neutrality.

This does not mean that the neutral must be strong enough to defeat any belligerent. To demand this would be preposterous, for it would make neutrality wholly impracticable for the only countries which can have any interest in it, the small ones. All that is required of a neutral is to make unprofitable an attack on him (and any



U Thant: Impartial but not neutral.

interference with his neutrality is tantamount to attack).

In other words, the neutral must be able to deter aggression. For him, as for the committed countries, deterrence is finite — only so much strength is needed as will deter; anything more is wasteful—and is related to his strategic and economic importance. A relatively unimportant country will get by with comparatively modest military strength. Another country may be so important that it could not muster, even if it wanted to, the forces which would enable, and indeed entitle, it to be neutral.

The condition that a neutral must be so strong militarily that it will not pay to attack him, could never be met in the case of Canada. To use Switzerland again for a yardstick, the latter country has practically no natural resources. In a European conflict, it would be of no particular strategic importance except perhaps that it controls some of the principal crossings of the Alps.

The means of communication through them can, however, be blown up in a matter of minutes (this circumstance, incidentally, kept the Germans from forcing a passage through Switzerland after the collapse of Italy, in 1943). Even so, the Swiss believe that they must have, immediately mobilizable, four army corps supported by an adequate airforce and backed by numerous static formations, if they are to live up to their commitments as neutrals. In numbers alone, this is just about four times as much as we would have the day another war broke out. One look at the map, a cursory consideration of our riches, must show that Canada could not stand alone and thus cannot afford the luxury of being neutral.

As things stand now, not even Switzerland could, strictly speaking, maintain its neutrality, although by dint of great military efforts it manages to live up to the letter of the Hague Convention. The reason is that belligerents of today could not help interfering with

the rights of neutrals, and the latter could not do anything about it.

Early this year, for instance, during the NATO exercise "Wintershield II", something like 60 simulated tactical nuclear weapons were used in the manoeuvre area in Bavaria. The winds were generally northerly. If this had been the real thing, much of the fallout would have descended upon Switzerland, a good deal of it of the immediate, concentrated variety. The Swiss could not have prevented this serious breach of their neutrality short of marching in and trying to disarm the belligerents.

In fact, of course, the big powers have already discarded all respect they may at one time have had for the rights of others; in effect, they make no distinction between friends, foes, uncommitted, or neutrals. Reconnaissance satellites are circling the globe photographing installations in any country over which they pass. These satellites will probably soon be attacked at any convenient point of their path — the Soviets have already stated that they will do just that — whatever the consequence.

Fallout from nuclear weapons tests has been sprayed haphazardly, and is being sprayed by the Russians right now without the slightest necessity except perhaps that it is cheapest to test in the atmosphere. Experiments are being conducted on how to divert clouds bearing radioactive fallout so that the latter will come down in somebody else's country.

These and other instances show that changes which have occurred in the mode of war preparations and of warfare itself have invalidated the conceptions of 1907. Neutrality, which, then, was practicable even though difficult enough to maintain, is now, 54 years later, an impossibility.

Even in Switzerland, the only country which has taken the institutions of neutrality just as they were written into international law, has carried them out faithfully, and has profited from doing so, doubts have arisen about the continued validity of its traditional national policy. What is more remarkable, the neutrality and neutralism are being defended on moral grounds when they can not be defended rationally.

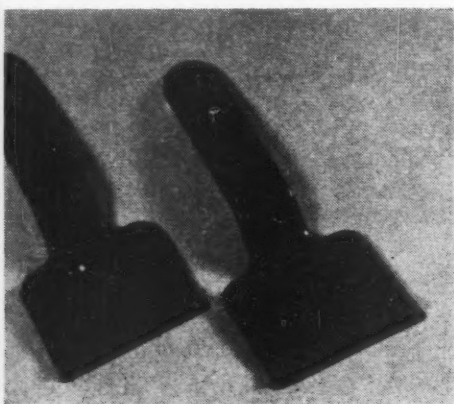
Neutrality, just as general disarmament, is at best a concept of a brave new world. There would not be much harm done, indeed it may be useful, if in normal times thought was given to them. But ours are not normal times—Heaven forbid that they should be.

Neutrality is a chimera, and it is not good to be chasing after rainbows, right now. Thoughtful people would do better to devote their mental efforts to finding the best practical means of dealing with the terrible dangers of our age.

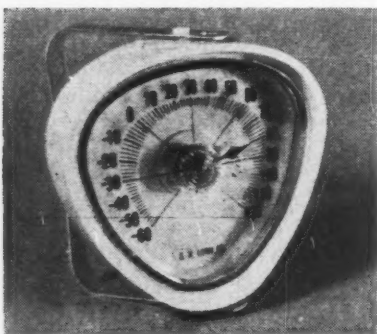
*The Yuletide Giveaway:*

## Advertising Specialties Are Big Business

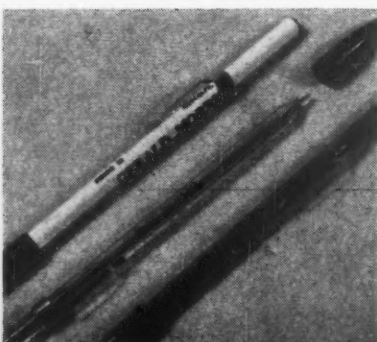
BY HARRY MCDUGALL



*Scrapers in quantity . . .*



*the prestige gift . . .*



*Calendars are perennial favorites.*

EVERYBODY LIKES to get something for nothing. This is a simple truth and it accounts for the distribution by Canadian businessmen of gifts, bearing advertising messages, to the value of more than \$30,000,000 every year. Christmas is the principal time for gift-giving, but at least 1,000 salesmen are employed on a year-round basis in the advertising gift business. Most of the products which they sell fall into four main categories:

- Calendars
- "Giveaways"
- Advertising specialties
- Industrial gifts.

Calendars are perennial favorites. They have been carrying sales messages for decades, and they are still one of the most potent of all advertising media. However, the co-operative calendar, once a favorite, has greatly diminished in popularity.

The custom, years ago, was for a manufacturer to place a very large order for calendars carrying his own advertising message and sell them, at cost, to his dealers, whose names were added below his own. The dealer thus got the advantages of the low price resulting from mass buying. However, he also got a calendar that was often of poor quality.

As the number of co-operative calendars has diminished, the quality of individual calendars has improved. Says Bob Hamilton, Calendar Sales Manager of Rolph-Clark-Stone, a Toronto printing house which produces upwards of 4,000,000 calendars every year:

"Advertisers nowadays realise that what they are actually buying is not just a few sheets of paper but space — on

the wall of an office, workshop or store. An unhung calendar is a poor investment. To be successful it must be attractive enough to beat out the competition — and the competition is fierce!"

The most popular calendar picture is still a pretty girl, a subject with universal appeal, and never were more models posing for more calendar artists and photographers than now. However, Rolph-Clark-Stone recently experienced a quite surprising demand for one of their own calendars which displayed colored photographs of models of a different type — model steam locomotives.

The "giveaway" is the lowest common denominator of industrial gift — and it certainly is common. Many companies have been giving away small items, embossed with their sales messages for over a quarter of a century. Oil companies particularly favor giveaways.

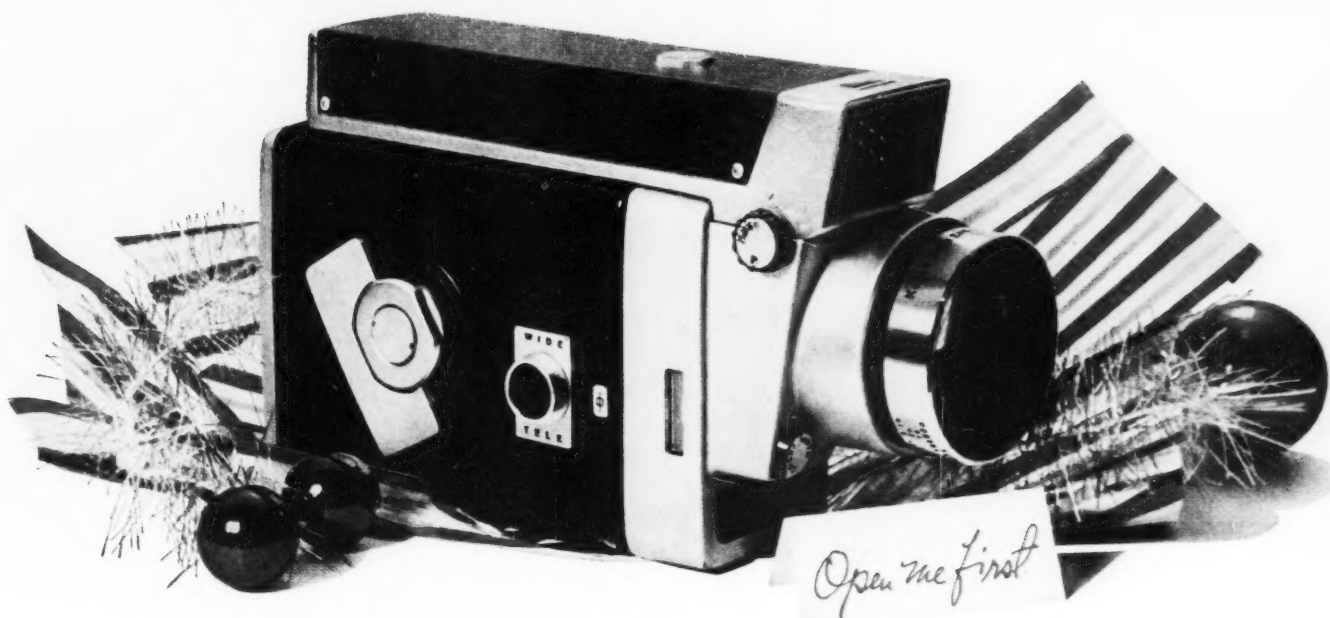
The British American Oil Company buys enormous quantities of windshield scrapers, key chains, notebooks and other small items for distribution, through their gas stations, to buyers of their products. Women drivers are not forgotten — they receive plastic rain hoods. The children of the customers are also remembered; balloons and penny banks are popular items.

These small gifts, purchased in bulk by the parent company, are resold to dealers virtually at cost, usually for less than 25 cents each, but the sheer volume involved makes the manufacture and distribution of such items a highly specialized business.

Herbert Crook, of the Stanley Manufacturing Company which serves the

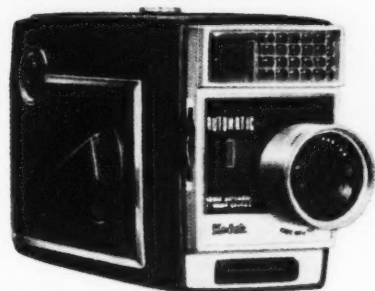
*and many useful specialties together comprise a \$30 million yearly business.*





Push-button zooming! Fully automatic! This de luxe 8mm **Kodak Zoom 8 Reflex Camera** lets you make zoom shots with push-button ease. You view through the lens. Electric eye sets exposure. Less than \$220.

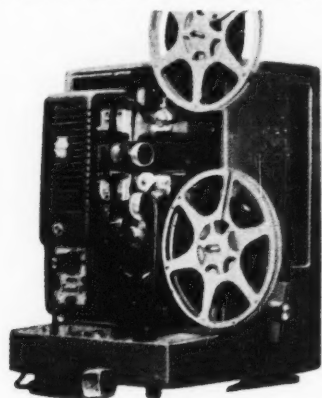
Kodak gifts say "Open me first"  
...and picture all your Christmas fun!



New automatic 8mm movie camera—budget price! **Kodak Automatic 8 Movie Camera** sets its own lens and has filter built in. Less than \$57.



Get dramatic 8mm movie *zoom* shots with the new **Kodak Zoom 8 Automatic Camera**. Has electric eye, built-in filter. Less than \$128.



Add quality sound to your movies! **Kodak Sound 8 Projector** lets you add your own commentary, music and sound effects to 8 mm films. Less than \$420.

New **Kodachrome II Film** is  $2\frac{1}{2}$  times as fast, gives you better color, greater sharpness, and wider exposure latitude. Here's an ideal stocking filler for movie fans.



Prices are subject to change without notice.

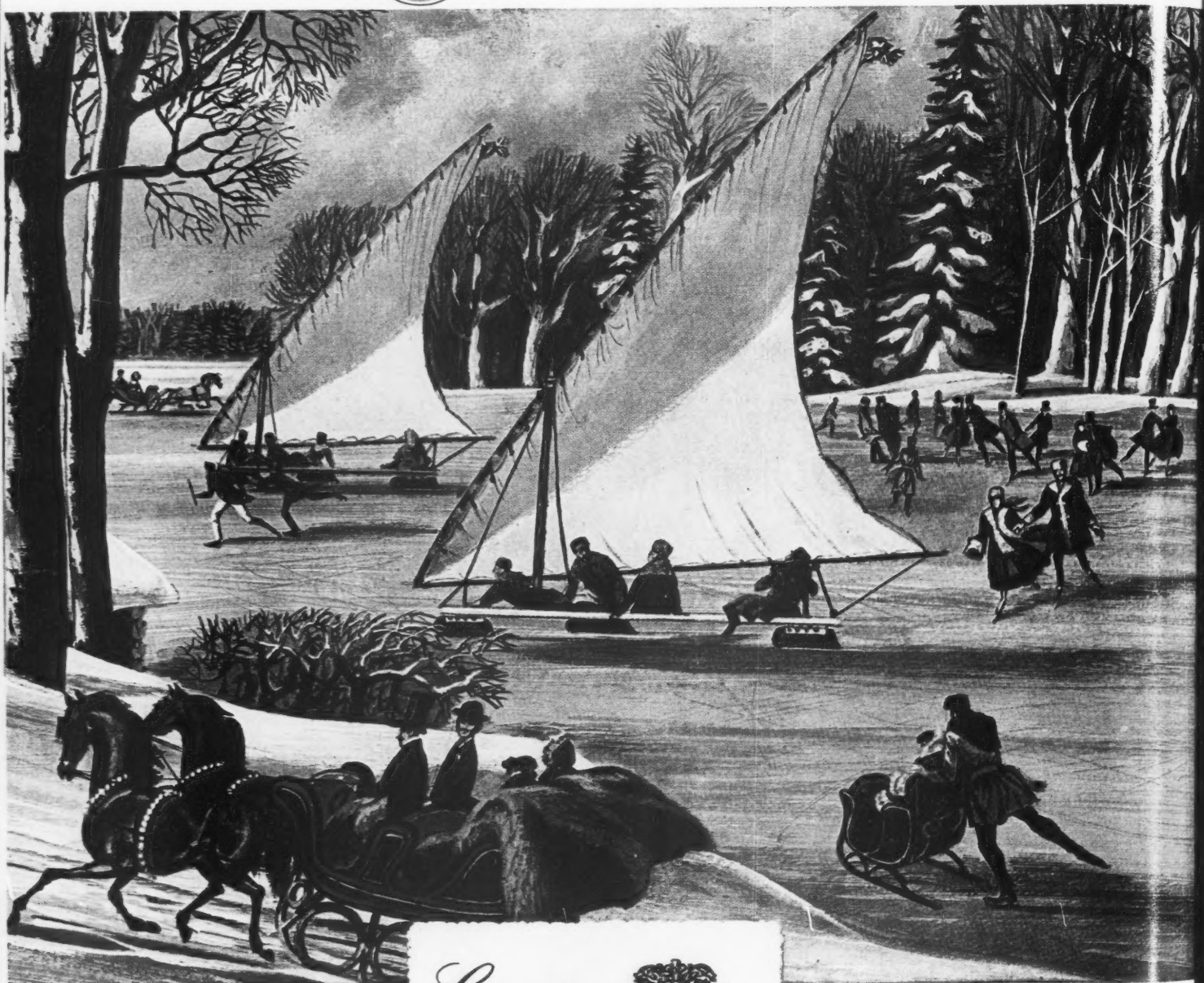
**Kodak**  
TRADEMARK

Enjoy "The Ed Sullivan Show" Sunday evenings, CBC-TV

CANADIAN KODAK CO., LIMITED, Toronto 15, Ontario

# Original Fine Canadian

*Ice-boating in York harbour, now Toronto, in the early 1800's. This old custom is believed to have originated on the frozen lakes and rivers of Ontario.*



Certified 8-year-old  
Canadian Whisky

Serving Canadian Schenley O.F.C. is another excellent Canadian custom. O.F.C. stands for Original Fine Canadian. *Original*, because it was the first 8-year-old Canadian whisky to carry a numbered, dated and signed certificate stating its true age. *Fine*, because it is aged for eight years in small oak casks for that superb bouquet and excellence of flavour that only age can bring. *Canadian*, because it is made for Canadians and by Canadians—a whisky of truly outstanding quality.

Canadian   
**Schenley**  
**O.F.C.**  
CANADIAN WHISKY

*This is a superb, fully-aged whisky, a proud achievement of Canada's most distinguished master distillers*

Canadian Schenley Ltd.  
VALLEYFIELD, P.Q. CANADA

Canadian  
**Schenley Ltd.**

"Distillers of Certified Aged Whiskies"

ORDER OF MERIT, AGED 12 YEARS • RESERVE, AGED 6 YEARS • GOLDEN WEDDING, AGED 5 YEARS



B.A. Oil Company by providing the thousands of items they distribute and channelling them direct to B.A.'s dealers, is president of the Toronto Chapter of the Advertising Specialty Counsellors of Canada, a federation of about 70 companies which manufacture and distribute specialties. The society's aim is to keep advertisers informed of the advantages of this particular advertising medium.

"The use of advertising specialties in support of more conventional advertising campaigns is increasing rapidly", says Crook. "Moreover, it is becoming a better understood and more respected branch of the advertising business.

Some of the misunderstandings in the minds of advertisers comes from the word "giveaway", which has a vague connotation of bribery, yet the vast majority of advertising specialties have a unit price of less than 50 cents and are hardly likely to corrupt. "The purpose of advertising specialties is to convey a sales message", says Crook. "The specialty is the carrier of the message—nothing more".

Many large companies make up complete catalogues, showing a whole range of gifts, each carrying a sales message, which their individual dealers can purchase at little more than the bare cost of manufacture. Gordon Day of Promotion Products Limited estimates that there are about 3,000 such items available to advertisers in Canada.

Some are made in Canada but very large quantities are imported from the U.S., Germany, Japan, Austria and Sweden. Sometimes the sales message is added after the item arrives in Canada but quite frequently the overseas supplier embodies it during manufacture, acting on the instructions of the Canadian buyer. A single item is frequently used by a wide range of advertisers.

One particularly popular item, a letter opener manufactured in Italy, is imported in batches of 1,000 and carries sales messages for many Canadian companies in widely varying industries. In the U.S. the manufacture of such items is a very substantial business.

Cigarette lighters are among the most popular gifts and are particularly favored by airlines. Travellers who use the airlines frequently, have been known to endeavor to collect a complete set. Arranged on a bookshelf, such collection constitutes a novel status symbol. The airlines are also credited with devising one of the all-time classic giveaways — the plastic flight bag.

Canadian Pacific Airlines every year buys 15,000 flight bags, prominently embellished with the initials CPA and

presents them to long-distance travellers who buy first-class tickets. Flight bags have also become something of a status symbol and seemingly few travellers object to becoming walking advertisements for the carriers they have used.

Trans-Canada Airlines, which distributes its own flight bags on a large scale, has noted that they often yield a secondary bonus of publicity when they reappear, with the initials TCA prominently displayed, on the snapshots, slides and movies which the vacationer shows to his friends after he returns.

In theory, the most useful specialty is one which continues to convey its message over the longest period of time. The "Tool of Trade" gift is a good example. A slide rule, with a discreet advertising message embossed on its face, presented to an engineer, can act as a silent salesman for a whole lifetime.



*Utility of airlines' plastic flight bags give them long advertising life.*

Tape measures for tailors, pica rules for printers, desk sets for secretaries — gifts such as these can pay dividends of goodwill to the advertisers for many years.

Specialties were used recently to supplement a general advertising campaign publicizing the newly-formed Canadian TV network. About 2,500 advertising agencies and known buyers of radio and TV time received a series of cards, each carrying a sales message and enclosing a small useful item. A folded card with the words "Open up the major markets with . . ." revealed, when opened, a plastic letter-opener and the words "... CTV, the major market network!"

On one card, the suggestion "Here's how you can start a new television network" was emphasized by a short length of blue ribbon — and a pair of scissors to cut it with. On another, the eight stations comprising the network were publicized by the distribution of a card containing eight plastic bottle-tops.

Says Arthur Burns, of Nelson & Associates, who promoted this particular campaign, "To simply hand over advertising specialties is to grossly neglect

the possibilities of the medium. Advertising specialties should be distributed as part of a definite campaign such as that which we employed to publicize CTV. The specialty itself must tie in very positively with the sales message".

The two most successful categories of specialties, he claims, are those which are genuinely useful, e.g. desk sets, and those that have built-in "playability". The latter can be any small item such as a key chain or letter opener, but it should be one which the user can toy with while he is working, talking or just thinking. Burns believes that Canadian publicists are still largely unaware of the true potentials of advertising campaigns which use specialty items selectively and with ingenuity.

There are no ethical problems involved in the use of the giveaway or advertising specialty since the unit

value is very small. However, the purchase of industrial gifts — substantial items presented to people who have placed orders in the past or who are in a position to place orders in the future is a feature of big business which knows no rules.

The number of such items is smaller but the unit price is much higher and the dollar volume of the business in relatively expensive industrial gifts is believed by some distributors to equal that of advertising specialties.

Giveaways, advertising specialties or industrial gifts — whatever they are called they are an increasingly useful adjunct to advertising campaigns. However, all advertisers recognise that they represent nothing more than a useful supplement to more orthodox advertising. Magazines, newspapers, TV, radio and other mass media will always be the main channel for carrying an advertiser's message.

These are the shotguns which spray the entire field of potential customers. The advertising specialty is the follow-up — the rifle that picks out the individual customer and pushes the sales message home.





"No Hiding Place Down There"

## \* OTTAWA LETTER

BY RAYMOND RODGERS

### *Can Education Be National?*

NOVEMBER IN OTTAWA was notable for at least one thing: a major jolt to the fashionable exaggeration of provincial powers as they relate to education.

The National Technical and Vocational Training Advisory Council — which includes federal and provincial government representatives — noting that the unemployed usually lack the basic education to tackle technical training, proposed that special courses be offered in mathematics, science and "communication skills". These courses, said the Council, should be co-ordinated by the federal government to ensure that all provinces follow a common pattern.

These bold thoughts certainly run counter to the confused concepts which our national politicians have espoused in recent decades. An example of such confusion was given in an October speech by Liberal leader Lester Pearson:

"Provincial jurisdiction over education is and will remain fundamental to the constitutional form and spirit of Canadian government. Yet educational needs are national.

"They can be fully met only on a national scale, with financial resources that our less wealthy provinces cannot command for themselves and for which they must look in part to the federal government. The resolution of this dilemma is one of the major challenges

to Canadian statesmanship . . .

"The federal government must not call the tune, in any way or to any degree. Somehow, we have to devise measures — probably a flexible range of measures — which will not only secure this strange result, but, what is often harder, give everyone confidence that it is being secured."

(Pearson did not emphasize the word "strange", but he certainly picked the appropriate term to describe what is in logic, a very weird doctrine).

Diefenbaker trotted out the same tired theme when addressing the National Conference of Canadian Universities and Colleges on November 14. In both French and English he went out of his way to emphasize that constitutional bars hinder the intervention of Ottawa in the field of education.

And the New Democrats, in their *Federal Program*, assert that "the provinces have an inalienable constitutional right to control all phases of educational policy within their respective boundaries." Yet a close look at the educational traditions and constitutional law of this country reveals that all three major political parties are over-emphasising provincial power in this field.

The justification for exaggerated provincial control of education is said to lie in the opening sentence of the BNA Act Section 93: "In and for each Province the Legislature may exclusively make laws in relation to Education . . ." The error of interpretation lies in being hypnotized by the word "exclusively" and ignoring the meaning of the word "education".

Section 93 goes on at great length to specify certain rules about education and it is perfectly clear from the context — and the repeated use of the term "separate school" and others like it — that the Fathers of Confederation meant, by education, nothing more

### *Universities Should Be Canadian*

UNIVERSITY PRESIDENTS are out to convince Ottawa that their institutions are primarily national, not provincial. Here are a few indications of the changing approach from speeches and statements by university representatives during the National Conference of Canadian Universities and Colleges in November.

**U. of T.:** "Many of the Canadian universities were founded before the emergence of a definite political structure . . . They should be the basis for Canadian leadership and a principal means for diffusing Canadian influence."

**U.B.C.:** "Canadian universities are national institutions serving much more than purely provincial needs."

**Ottawa U.:** "As a bilingual university, ours is truly a national institution deserving national support."

**Carleton:** "Universities serve the needs of the whole nation, as well as the people of particular provinces."

**Saskatchewan:** "There is an urgent need for a stronger and clearer voice of higher education in Ottawa" and for "a thorough examination . . . to make the necessary modifications in our national policy."

than general, childhood schooling.

Further proof of this lies in the fact that elsewhere in the Constitution, four-fifths of the taxes known in 1867 (and before the development of the income tax!) were assigned to Ottawa. The obvious intent of this was (1) that universities could be considered national institutions requiring national aid and (2) that where government departments need to train specialists — e.g., in the supervision of navigable waters — they could do.

Our educational traditions support this view. In past decades it was not thought that universities depended exclusively upon the provinces for corporate powers. Queen's University, for example, was incorporated by federal legislation — the latest revision being as recent as 1912. It is only in recent decades that the American concept of "state" universities — with their obsession for "state rights" — has permeated higher education in Canada.

The federal government is alone responsible for the higher education offered in our three military colleges — many graduates of which do not stay in the services but instead pass into civilian employment with fully-recognized degrees in the arts, sciences, and engineering.

The Department of National Defence is also the sponsor of a wide range of educational institutions covering fields from the most specialized to general elementary education. In doing so, the DND is simply exercising a power which has traditionally been associated with many government departments.

Citizenship and Immigration, for example, pays for and supervises a network of Indian schools. The paradox is that the underprivileged Indian is one of the few persons who can receive a Canadian, as distinct from a provincial education (others would include children on certain military establishments and in northern communities).

To give one other important example: Transport's Training and Welfare Division runs a number of educational programs, including the Air Services School in Ottawa, which trains traffic specialists. The Nautical and Pilotage Division is one of many government bureaus which offers examinations to prospective specialists. Clearly, given the political "will", the Department of Labor could establish schools to train the unemployed.

About the only place in the educational spectrum where Ottawa is constitutionally precluded from legislation is, as we have seen earlier, in the field of general childhood education. But even here, national action could be forthcoming.

First, Ottawa could call a national

## In fashionable circles it's smart to order BOURBON



In Canada's best hotels and private clubs, the smart drink is now bourbon—*bourbon on the rocks, bourbon and soda, bourbon and water.*

Why this sudden swing to bourbon? One reason is *Old Grand-Dad Bourbon*—a whisky that gives you a rich robust flavour without sacrificing mildness. Old Grand-Dad has a deep and hearty flavour that sophisticated tastes find uniquely satisfying. It's a flavour that never fades away in ice, soda or water. Yet its mildness is paralleled by only a few of the great whiskies of Canada and Scotland.



Tonight why not be fashionable? Order Old Grand-Dad instead of your regular whisky. See why the smart drink is now bourbon—*Old Grand-Dad Bourbon.*

# Old Grand-Dad



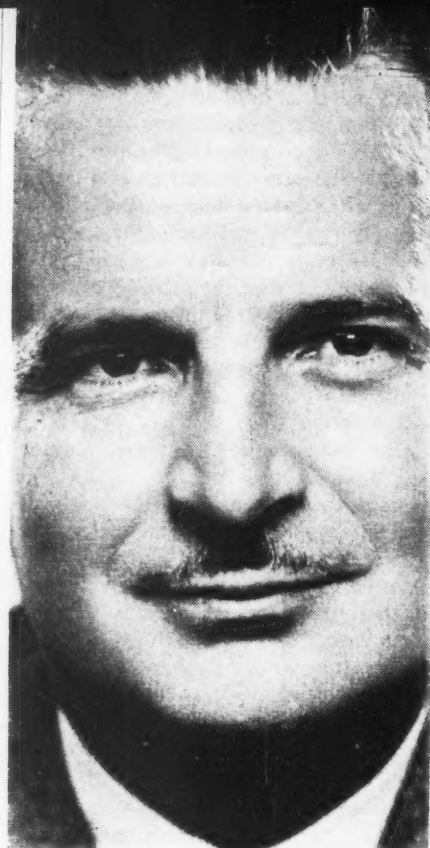
A premier product distilled and bottled by National Distillers Products Co., New York, U.S.A.





★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

**"The first sip  
tells the difference!"**



*Bissell: Needed, Canadian influence.*

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★



**Take tee and sea  
at the magnificent NEW  
RUNAWAY BAY  
HOTEL & COUNTRY CLUB**

**the resort hotel in Jamaica with its  
own 18-hole championship golf course**

**opens  
December 15  
1961**

NOW you can enjoy golfing within a few yards of your luxurious accommodations on this enchanted isle. Your room faces the sea, and you step out onto wide powdery sand beach. For a change of splash, bathe in the Olympic size pool with adjoining snack bar. Star entertainment. Cuisine? Magnifique! Many other activities, including tennis.

Run away from the Doldrums.  
Come to Runaway Bay!



**HOTEL & COUNTRY CLUB**  
Runaway Bay, Jamaica, W.I.

Represented by  
ROBERT REID ASSOCIATES, INC.  
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PLaza 7-2442  
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Franklin, 7-3575  
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conference of the provinces. They could be encouraged to co-ordinate their curricula and standards. Measures could be taken to strengthen national unity. For example, historians from English- and French-Canada could be brought together in an attempt to write an objective history of our country. Such texts could then be offered as a guide to provincial authorities.

Second, a constitutional conference could be called to reconsider Section 93 of the BNA Act. Education in this country should, logically, be split only on the dividing line of religion. There is no logical reason why the education of an English-speaking Roman Catholic should differ from that of a French-speaking one.

National education could thus be divided into two divisions: religious and secular. Within those two divisions, identical texts could be issued in the two official languages. Texts would only differ in religious — not ethnic — interpretations.

"Our problems must be faced and solved nationally", said Dr. Claude Bissell, President of the University of Toronto, at the close of his speech to the NCCUC. This being so, then clearly education in Canada must become a national — rather than a provincial — concern.

And — Quebec might take note of this — only through federal intervention in education can we create a truly bilingual Canada with equally opportunity for all from coast to coast.



BY BRIAN CAHILL

## Snow's Grenade and Mankind's Peace

IN THE NOW FAMOUS Rede lecture of 1½ years ago Sir Charles (C.P.) Snow, the physicist and novelist, said that humanists are illiterate in the sciences and vice versa. And, he added, since the scientists are now making the decisions that affect the future of mankind, this schism is likely to be a fatal one.

This statement has come to be known as "Snow's hand grenade" in academic circles. Humanists generally have tended to resent the statement and to deny the importance, if not the existence, of the schism. Scientists, more humbly, have tended to agree that the schism exists, to deplore it and to try to do something about it.

The controversy is now beginning to filter down, if that is a fair phrase, to the level of popular discussion. Abraham Ribicoff, U.S. Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare, recently told a group of educators to take more interest in science and its meaning for them. "Unfortunately," he said, "there is a great split in the intellectual life of our country and, in fact, in that of the whole of the western world. Two great cultures — the scientific and the humanistic — are growing up which scarcely know each other."

The causes and extent of the split are indeed relevant to education; and to many other matters of general interest.

For instance in Montreal last month Dr. Norman Z. Alcock, a 43-year-old Canadian who might be described as a reformed engineer, physicist and businessman, announced the foundation of the Canadian Peace Research Institute — an organization which he described as being dedicated to the formidable task of applying scientific methods to the solution of the social and psychological problems that are mainly responsible for the deadly nuclear peril that now threatens all mankind.

It goes without saying that the Canadian Peace Research Institute faces great difficulties in its attempt to bring the methods of science and reason to bear in areas now dominated by prejudice and emotionalism. Even assuming that the institute can overcome such immediate difficulties as those of personnel and financing, and those implicit in the semantics of the word "peace" and in such phrases as "im-

practical idealism", it will then have to deal with the very complex problem of communicating its findings and suggestions in terms that can be understood by the non-scientific world.

This brings us right back to the schism between the arts and the sciences.

In the field of communication the arts have long enjoyed a tremendous advantage over the sciences. This is because of the existence of a vast body of humanistic scholarship devoted to the study of the arts and their interpretation to each other and the layman. This study and interpretation is, indeed, the main activity of university faculties in the arts; the actual practice of the arts, by writers, painters, poets, etc., goes on outside the universities.

Whether or not the universities lose by this arrangement is debatable. Probably they do. The point is, however, that in the sciences the position is reversed. The universities are the main centres of the actual creative work of scientists. But they offer almost no scientific scholarship; a trifle of scientific history perhaps, but no worthwhile analysis, interpretation or criticism.

The result is that the modern scientist has had to be both the practitioner and the interpreter of science and in the latter role has been, with only a few exceptions, singularly unsuccessful.

The humanist tends to say that the scientist cannot communicate, indeed has nothing much to communicate, because he lacks the "values" which stem from an interest and training in the humanities.

Brand Blanshard, professor emeritus of philosophy at Yale, said recently that science leaves values alone. And, in oblique reference to Snow's hand grenade, he added: "But man cannot afford to leave values alone and, therefore, a purely scientific education is a defective one."

This is dangerous intellectual arrogance.

If the practitioner of the sciences finds it difficult to communicate so does the practitioner of the arts. The criticism most frequently made of the modern painter, musician or poet is that he speaks a language intelligible only to other artists in the same field—in other words he cannot be understood outside his own narrow speciality.



## Truly - a most travelled rum!

Mr. Lemon Hart's rums travel for a reason. Made in the heart of the West Indies they are then sent to England because the moist airs of England are traditionally the finest in the world for maturing rums. After quiet years in England they are perfectly blended, bottled and shipped to Canada and throughout the world. These expensively brought up rums, full of light-hearted charm and flavour, are happily available to Canadians at home and abroad.

## LEMON HART RUMS

*Have a good rum for your money!*

DEMERARA

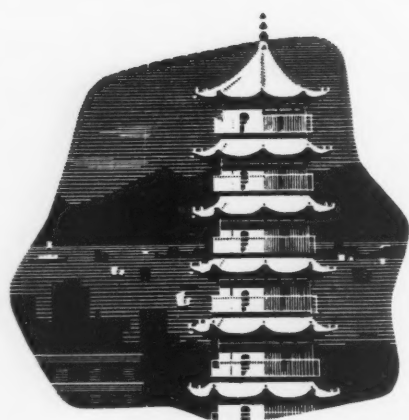
*Light in flavour ...  
dark in colour*

JAMAICA

*Light in colour ...  
pronounced in flavour*

**LEMON  
HART  
RUM**





## TIGER BALM Banaue



You'll discover sights as startling as their names in the wonderful world of the Pacific. The delicate white pagoda in Hong Kong's famous Tiger Balm gardens. The Banaue rice terraces of the Philippines, considered a greater engineering feat than the Egyptian pyramids.

The fun is in the seeing, from the Daibutsu or Great Buddha at Kamakura in Japan to the great Buddhist temples of Pulguksa in Korea and Djogjakarta in Java.

## Discover the PACIFIC

*Think of it. Now you can visit the Pacific in modern comfort and luxury, see long-forbidden native rituals, civilizations older than recorded history emerging into a new world, friendly, hospitable, extending an unforgettable welcome. To start, talk with your travel agent.*

Want literature? Write to PATA, 153 Kearny St., San Francisco 8, for special Pacific brochure.

AUSTRALIA BURMA FIJI HAWAII HONG KONG  
INDIA INDONESIA JAPAN KOREA MACAO  
MALAYA NEW CALEDONIA NEW ZEALAND  
PHILIPPINES SAMOA SINGAPORE TAHITI TAIWAN  
THAILAND VIETNAM

The scientist is certainly amoral in his approach to his work. But so is the artist. And both must be! Rutherford could not afford to worry about the moral consequences of splitting the atom any more than Henry Miller can afford to worry about corrupting teenagers.

As human beings, scientists and artists are basically alike. Both must have originality, creativity and emotion. The solving of a problem in science brings to the scientist the same emotional release as the completion of a work of art does to the artist. And, like the artist, the scientist quickly becomes bored with a completed job and wants to get on with something new.

The difference is that the artist is able to abandon his baby on the hospitable doorstep of humanistic scholarship. It is quickly taken in and discussed, debated, interpreted, analysed and evaluated and then presented to the world with values attached that are frequently the cause of sardonic amusement to its creator and to a few cronies who truly understand him.

Nothing like this happens to a scientific work. The scientist too tends to abandon his baby. But there is seldom any great rush to take it in and, quite often, it ends up in a sort of intellectual limbo having no influence, for good or evil, on the mind or emotions of the generality of mankind.

This has not, up to now, unduly worried the scientist. Since the Second World War, however, the scientist has, in Oppenheimer's phrase, "tasted sin." And the very values which the humanist denies to him are forcing the scientist to go about plucking at the sleeve of the world and saying: "Here, look! This is what I have done, this is what it means and these will be the consequences if you do not understand it."

It is to the credit of the scientist that he is doing this, however inadequately. It is to the discredit of the humanist that he is doing nothing to help and, indeed, heckles from the sidelines.

The need obviously is for the humanist to fulfill his obligation to study the whole of life, including science. As Dr. Joseph S. Fruton of Yale said in the *Yale Review* last year: "The universities should be the home not only of scholars in the arts and practitioners of the sciences but also of scholars in the sciences and practitioners of the arts."

The Canadian Peace Research Institute is going to have a difficult enough time getting off the launching pad and one would not wish to add to its burdens. But the voyage might be more successful if Dr. Alcock could persuade a philosopher or two to join the crew.

delight  
your  
guests  
→



with the secret of  
seasoning . . . on  
your table and  
in your cooking

## LEA & PERRINS

THE ORIGINAL  
WORCESTERSHIRE SAUCE

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Located in the  
exclusive hotel area of

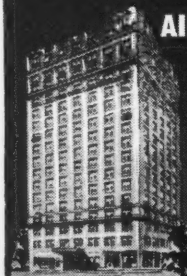
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Housekeeping  
Apartments, too



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## PARK CHAMBERS

Corner 58th St. & Avenue of the Americas  
NEW YORK CITY 19

In its location, service, atmosphere and reasonable rates, it's the ideal hotel home for transient and permanent guests. Single \$9 to \$12. Double \$12 to \$16. 2-room suites from \$18. Lower rates by the week or month.

Write for brochure and map of  
New York's most fascinating places  
to see and things to do.

James A. Flood, Manager

BY LAWRENCE SABBATH

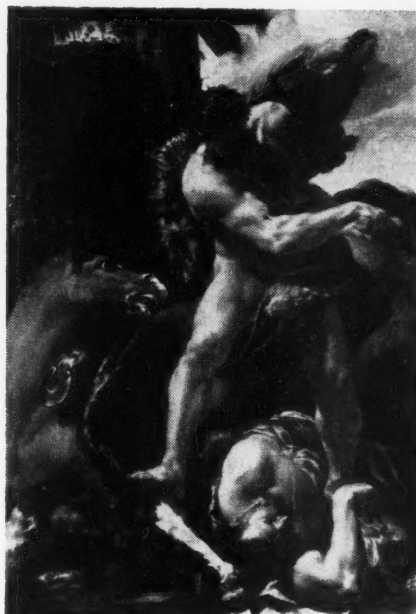
*Indigestible Heritage de France*

*Heritage de France* is the imposing title of one of the largest exhibitions of European art ever brought to these shores. Eighty-six paintings by 41 artists lent by 60 museums and private owners in five countries have stirred up a tempest of controversy among the very people whom it was, in part, meant to honor.

These French pictures, representing the period of 1630-1760 when France was actively colonizing the New World, were exhibited at the Montreal Museum of Fine Arts in October and then moved on to Quebec City. They will go to Ottawa in January and Toronto in February.

So far the exhibition has been greeted in the press, particularly the French, with a mixture of disapproval ranging from suggestions about this disgraceful waste of money, this ransacking of the Louvre's dusty cellars, to, "if this is what art in France was like at that time, then thank Heaven, Quebec was freed from French rule."

The animus behind such scoffing phrases is a healthy sign of the tremendous strides that have been made in Canadian art since the 18th century. The derisive hoots also reflect the sense of confidence that the Canadian personality is at last grudgingly allowing itself to feel and to display publicly.

Poussin: *Ravissement de St. Paul.*Lebrun's "*Hercule et Diomedé*".

After all, a country that has produced artists like Riopelle and Borduas, to whom the fickle world of international art pays consistent homage, has every right to believe that this exhibition is old-hat, for the present-day status of Canadian artists owes nothing to the kind of stultifying opulence and to the artificial, seductive attitudes represented by the official and fashionable court art of this exhibition.

This public reaction has made itself felt also in the rather niggardly attendance, the figure being, for instance, just about one-quarter of the number that came to the Vincent van Gogh retrospective last year.

However, there is more to this exhibition than the tastes or feelings of any one group. It does accurately mirror the social and political temper of France in the reigns of Louis XIV and XV. It is also a commendable compilation of all the important artists of the time, an exemplary achievement considering the widely scattered parts of the world from which the pictures have been brought.

These attributes aside, it becomes a question whether any contemporary values can be derived from a period, which in affluence of physical possession and excessive indulgence in the sensuous enjoyment of the richly ornate,

TWO  
NOBLE  
WAYSto  
finish  
dinner  
with a  
flourish

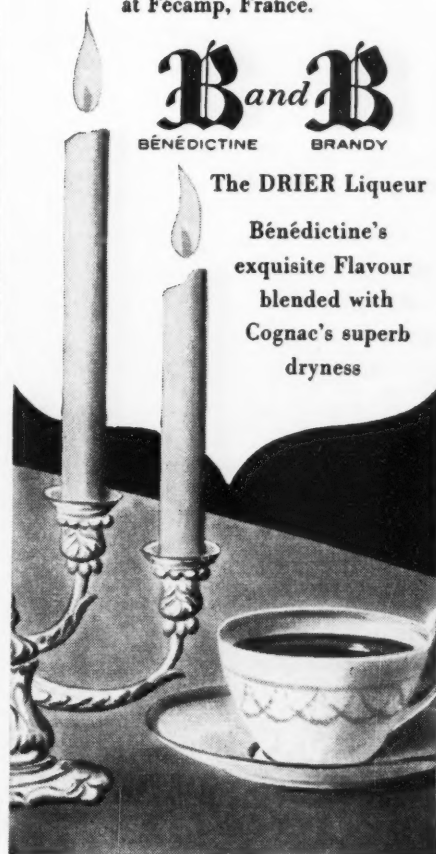
La Grande Liqueur Française

**Bénédictine**

The after-dinner liqueur

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was probably never again surpassed. It can be argued that any period of art is worth our attention, especially since some of the names represented in this show have retained the impact of their personality and influence.

But if we admit this, then at least we deserve to see better examples of their *oeuvre* than has been brought over. It is lamentable that second and third-rate artists of this era are represented by much better samplings than are the leading names of the time.

Just one of the four Chardins on view can be considered an excellent example of his mastery in the subtle depiction of a still-life. Although the small Watteau *L'Aventuriere* is a lovely thing, none of the five pictures on view possess the prime qualities which would give a spectator any inkling of the effect he had on French art for the next hundred years.

As for Poussin, the ranking artist of his time who, more than any of the others, exerted an influence that lasted the longest, only *Le Ravissement de St. Paul* can be considered a major work. The other five canvasses lack the rational and orderly grandeur of the classically designed landscapes for which he is best known.

The three canvasses of Georges de La Tour are also disappointing for they only vaguely hint at his masterly explorations into the cunning effects produced by startlingly realistic, white candlelight. The three Claude Lorraines are just fair, as are the four Bouchers. The artist most curiously related to our own time is Louis le Nain, and the one picture *Paysans* superbly bridges the span of 325 years. It is a refreshing revelation in content and style that is worth the whole show.

The overall impression of the exhibition is that there could be no more subtle way of exposing the elegant, facile and arrogant shallowness of these 130 years of painting and thus catapulting the public into a realisation of the virtues of contemporary abstract art.

The evidence is clear from the silks and satins of Rigaud, the dramatic and baroque *Hercules and the Horses of Diomedes* of Charles Lebrun, the sumptuous and theatrical Largillieres, the pleasant pastorals of Charles de la Fosse, that this extravagant era borrowed its trappings, its colors and spectacle from the artistic giants of other countries.

They took liberally the bold lighting from the Italian Caravaggio, the nude flesh tones from the Flemish Rubens, the gorgeous draperies and hues of the Venetian Veronese, and gave it all back with the romantic Watteau and the sentimental Boucher in the form of a delicious-looking, though still inedible, French pastry.



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Of this amount shareholders received or will receive by way of dividends	12,453,750
Net additions for the year	\$ 2,125,067
Undivided Profits at October 31st, 1960	1,150,859
Transferred from inner reserves after provision for income taxes exigible*	2,000,000
	\$ 5,275,926
Transferred to Rest Account	4,000,000
Undivided Profits at October 31st, 1961	\$ 1,275,926

\*Total provision for income taxes — \$18,043,791

G. ARNOLD HART      R. D. MULHOLLAND  
President                      General Manager

## CONDENSED GENERAL STATEMENT

*October 31st, 1961*

### ASSETS

Cash on hand and due from banks and bankers	\$ 585,476,683
Cheques and other items in transit, net	175,510,652
Government of Canada and Provincial Government Securities, at amortized value	919,348,802
Other securities, not exceeding market value	188,103,978
Call Loans	173,088,758
	<u>\$2,041,528,873</u>
Commercial and other loans	1,529,469,906
Mortgages and hypothecs insured under the National Housing Act, 1954	231,231,962
Bank Premises	63,062,983
Customers' liability under acceptances, guarantees and letters of credit, as per contra	75,792,918
Other assets	8,528,900
	<u><u>\$3,949,615,542</u></u>

### LIABILITIES

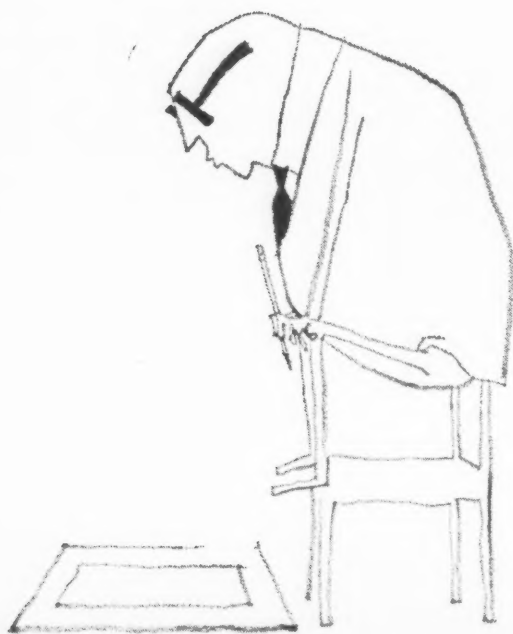
Deposits	\$3,646,622,258
Acceptances, guarantees and letters of credit	75,792,918
Other Liabilities	19,324,440
Capital authorized — 10,000,000 shares of \$10 each	\$100,000,000
Capital paid-up	\$ 60,750,000
Rest Account	145,850,000
Undivided Profits	1,275,926
	<u>207,875,926</u>
	<u><u>\$3,949,615,542</u></u>

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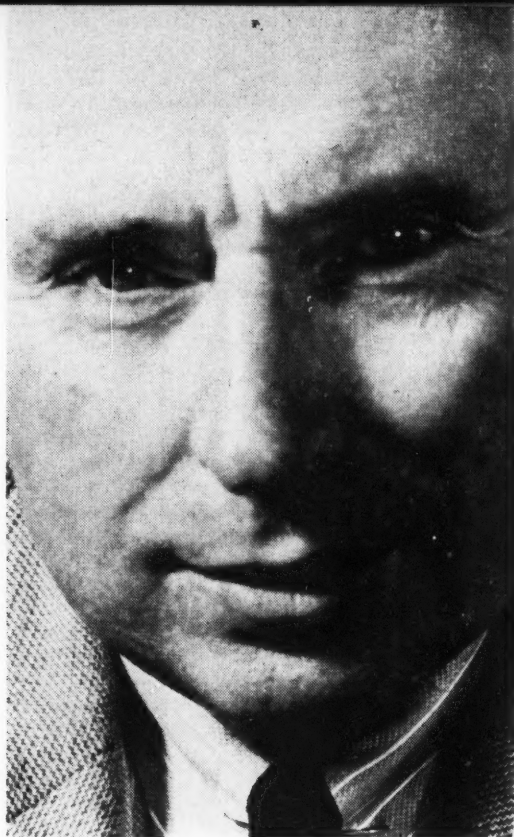


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BY JOHN A. IRVING

## *B.C. Electric's New Man of Action: Gordon Shrum*

THE EXPROPRIATION of the British Columbia Electric Company by the B.C. Government last August has provoked more controversy in Canada than any other politico-business event since the Trans-Canada Pipeline debate in 1956.

Although millions of words have been used in the expropriation controversy, there has been little or no discussion of the most important question of all: Will the British Columbia Electric Company continue to operate as successfully in the future under state ownership as it operated in the past under private ownership?

The answer to this question depends, in large measure, upon Dr. Gordon Merritt Shrum, the man whom Premier W. A. C. Bennett has selected to head the giant power enterprise. Anyone who knows Shrum well realizes that Bennett has made a sound choice in entrusting the future of the Company to a man of his calibre. One can also be sure that Shrum himself would not have accepted unless he had felt certain that the whole enterprise had a reasonable chance of success under government ownership.

Bennett's selection of Shrum is in no sense a political appointment. He was chosen for the post because:

- He had reached retirement age at the University of British Columbia;
- He has an enviable reputation for getting things done;
- He was the man who, as Chairman of the Royal Commission on British Columbia Power 1958-59, worked out,

or at least pointed out, the plan for the future of B.C. power which makes sense and which fits into Premier Bennett's ideas of getting things done on a big scale.

Nor was Bennett's choice influenced by personal friendship. Bennett knew Shrum, but the latter was not a personal friend of the Premier. Until his appointment early last August, Shrum had been in Bennett's office only once, and had only one letter from him, a letter which related to government policy on flood control benefits. Any other communications between the two men had been by Order-in-Council or through some member of Bennett's cabinet or staff.

In his selection of Shrum, Bennett would have been influenced, of course, by other important factors: Shrum's Chairmanship of the B.C. Energy Board, 1959-61; his brilliant career as scientist, organizer, and administrator at the University of British Columbia, 1925-1961; and his contributions to the organization of scientific research in

Canada, 1939-61.

Born in Smithville, Ontario, in 1896, Shrum is a product of the University of Toronto where he enrolled in 1913.

His studies in the honor course in Mathematics and Physics were interrupted by three years' service in the First World War, but he returned to the University in 1919 and graduated in 1920 with the silver medal in mathematics.

Shrum continued his scientific studies in the School of Graduate Studies, taking his M.A. in 1921, and his Ph.D. in 1923. The physicists at Toronto who influenced him most were Sir John McLennan, Lachlan Gilchrist, and the colorful John Satterly. McLennan, the head, dominated the department, but Shrum has said, "The farther away I get from McLennan the more I admire him".

In the fall of 1920, McLennan had assigned Shrum the job of liquefying helium. The liquefaction of helium, which involves very low-temperature re-



*B.C.'s Thea Koerner House, planned by Shrum, won '61 Massey Gold Medal.*



search, had been achieved by Kamerlingh Onnes of Leyden in 1908, but no one had been able to do it again. By 1923, Shrum succeeded in liquefying hydrogen, and then helium, for the first time in North America.

Much more famous among Shrum's researches in physics was, however, the identification and production in the laboratory of the auroral green line. Although it is a dominant line in the auroral spectrum, it had never been produced on earth.

Shrum produced the hitherto enigmatic and controversial line in the laboratory and showed that it was caused by a forbidden metastable level in oxygen (the presence of appreciable oxygen at the height of the aurora had not previously been suspected).

This discovery, and the program of research resulting therefrom, was, as it turned out, the most notable achievement of the Toronto physics laboratory during McLennan's entire career there as its director.

It is not surprising that a man of

and one of the strongest in North America.

Although adequate research facilities were lacking at UBC, which in 1925 had just moved from the temporary quarters it had occupied since 1915 to the beautiful Point Grey campus, Shrum stimulated and inspired research in physics among both undergraduates and graduate students, and himself continued the publication of important scientific papers on spectroscopy and the new Geiger-Mueller counter.

During the Second World War, the facilities of the physics laboratory at UBC were placed at the service of the Department of National Defence for the training of radar technicians. It is characteristic of Shrum that when Colonel R. D. Harkness wired him, in March, 1941, for an estimate of the cost of training 40 radar technicians at UBC, he offered to train 250 men during the summer at a cost, to the government, for tuition and equipment of under \$150 per trainee, and to provide suitable living quarters for 175 men

now on the staff of Harvard. During the last fourteen years approximately 60 Ph.D.'s have been granted in physics.

In the earlier years there were more Ph.D. candidates in physics than in all the other graduate departments combined. In 1960-61, Shrum's last year as head of the department, there were 84 graduate students in physics. A few of these were specializing in theoretical physics, but most of them were experimental physicists.

Such an extensive development of graduate work in physics taxed even Shrum's ingenuity in the provision of equipment and working space. It is not too much to say that the graduate work of the department of physics at UBC has proved a shining example to other scientific departments there, a challenge to which they have eagerly and enthusiastically responded.

Shrum's second contribution to British Columbia was made as Director of the Department of University Extension during the 16 years between 1937 and 1953. Extension work had been started at UBC under Robert England in 1936 but he had remained only a few months.

When Shrum took over the department it had only one secretary and some days there was no mail. When he resigned as Director the department was employing a full-time staff of over 50, plus an additional part-time personnel of around 25.

From the beginning Shrum took the view, which was strongly supported by President Klinck, that Extension should not become primarily a correspondence course centre for the university, nor should it offer courses for credit. Its prime function should rather be working with people who lacked the cultural advantages of the metropolitan centres of Vancouver and Victoria.

Extension provided for the smaller cities, towns, and villages of B.C. many courses in the theatre arts, which resulted in the production of numerous plays in these local communities. Courses which lasted for ten days or two weeks were also offered in home economics, cooking, weaving, and dress-making.

Arrangements were also made for professors to lecture on one-night stands, but Shrum was dubious of the educational value of these efforts. He realized, of course, that single lectures by faculty members served the useful purpose of stimulating interest.

The most popular faculty lecturer was F. H. Soward, the historian and authority on international affairs. Soward received so many requests for extension addresses that many of them had to be turned over to a young assistant in the Department of History.



"Shrum's Slums": Emergency measure now permanent part of UBC's campus.

Shrum's capacities was offered a position as research physicist by the Corning Glass Company, Corning, New York. But after a few months he gave up a promising career in industrial research to return to university work.

In 1925 Shrum became an assistant professor of physics at the University of British Columbia, which was then rising to a position of prominence in the Canadian university world under the dedicated leadership of Dr. Leonard S. Klinck. It is one of the many merits of Dr. Klinck, who must be accounted one of the great Canadian university presidents, that from the beginning he recognized the young scientist's potentialities.

Shrum became Associate Professor in 1928, Professor in 1937, and the second Head of the Department of Physics in 1938. During the last 23 years he has built up at UBC the largest physics department in Canada

in the forestry huts adjacent to the UBC campus.

Before the program was concluded, well over 500 men had been trained at UBC. To accommodate this number, Shrum had to build an addition to the physics building, the first addition, incidentally, to the teaching facilities of UBC since 1925. It is again characteristic of Shrum that he financed this structure from the profits made on two van loads of old radios which he had secured free of charge in Seattle and then transformed into training equipment for which he received a government allowance.

At the close of the war, the personnel and quality of the work of UBC's department of physics enabled it to take the lead in the development of advanced graduate work. Shrum's department was the first in the university to grant a Ph.D. degree — it was awarded in 1947 to Thomas Collins,



## A moment of insight



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Robert T. McKenzie, whom Shrum soon engaged as his assistant in Extension.

It was not long until McKenzie (who has since become Reader in Sociology at the London School of Economics and Political Science and a well-known political commentator on the BBC) himself became so popular as an extension lecturer all over British Columbia that Shrum had to hire an assistant for him.

At the university itself an evening program of lecture courses was organized, in which leading professors enthusiastically participated. For many years these classes were held five nights a week at the Vancouver Normal Schools, where practically every room was used. These courses developed an enrolment in excess of 5,000 students. Shrum eventually added correspondence courses for degree credit and these accounted for another 5,000 students.

Two of Shrum's Extension enterprises caught the imagination of leaders in adult education throughout Canada. The first of these was his organization of a large conference on co-operatives. For this conference he brought to British Columbia some of the key men in the great co-operative movement centred at St. Francis Xavier University, including the Rev. A. B. Macdonald and the Rev. Nelson Macdonald.

Membership in this Conference was restricted to fishermen. Following the conference, Norman McKenzie and Alec McIntyre were brought from St. Francis Xavier to organize co-operatives among the B.C. fishermen. These men did a tremendous job, and the extensive co-operatives among the B.C. fishermen today are the splendid result of their efforts, combined with Shrum's driving imagination.

Shrum's second great Extension enterprise was the organization and development of a long continued Youth Training Program, for which he secured financial help from both Ottawa and Victoria. Two-week schools were set up during the winters to train leaders in the towns and villages. Each school required two car-loads of instructors and equipment. The school would be held in a local hall, in which it was often necessary for some of the instructors to sleep.

Each travelling team included five instructors — three men and two women. One of the men was principal, and the two others were specialists in agriculture, recreation and music. One of the women specialized in home economics, the other in handicrafts, leather work and weaving.

Training in public speaking and in the organization of community activities was emphasized. Model co-opera-

tives and credit unions would usually be set up during the two-week period. The best five or six students in each school were selected for a further six-weeks leadership training course at the University itself.

This program brought to the front a surprisingly large number of young people of ability, including many whose finances had prevented them from continuing their education. During the depression years many of the students were forced, in fact, to bring their own food, which included fresh or canned moose-meat: on one occasion a student actually brought half a moose to the school.

Despite the difficulties, financial and otherwise, which he encountered, Shrum considers that this Youth Leadership Training Program was one of the highlights of his entire career. He revelled in the excitement and stimulation provided by an experiment which had never been tried in Canada before, and which left so much room for the testing of new ideas in adult education. Years later thousands of people in the rural and smaller centres of the province still think of the University of British Columbia in terms of Shrum's two-week leadership training schools.

Shrum's third contribution to British Columbia is more appropriately considered in terms of Canada at large and involves his service between 1937 and 1946 as Officer Commanding, UBC Contingent, COTC (of which he became Honorary Lieutenant-Colonel on his retirement in 1946), for which he received the Order of the British Empire.

As already noted, Shrum interrupted his undergraduate career in 1916 to enlist in the 67th University of Toronto Field Battery of the Canadian Field Artillery. He went overseas as a Sergeant and returned three years later as a Corporal — an achievement, he loves to recall, that ranks him in the category of such famous soldiers as Napoleon, Mussolini, Hitler, and Sidney Smith.

Under fire in the battles of Vimy Ridge, Passchendaele, and Amiens, he won the Military Medal for exceptional bravery in the spring of 1918 at the battle of Cambrai, where he kept a gun in action long after all the other guns had been knocked out.

His gruelling experiences on the Western Front and his awareness of the mistakes made there were responsible for a life-long interest in the Armed Services and in Defence Science.

Although the COTC had been operating at UBC since 1928, when Shrum became OC in 1937 it had fewer than 100 men on strength. In 1939 it was the only unit in British Columbia that had any facilities for training offi-

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cers, with the result that a large proportion of the officers who went overseas from the province were trained at UBC.

Shrum's abilities as an organizer were taxed to the utmost in the fall of 1940 when military training became compulsory at UBC and 1,800 students were suddenly turned over to him. The university was ill-equipped for training such a large number of men. Those were the days when a freshman, if he knew even a little about cadet training, became a sergeant almost overnight.

Shrum has sometimes been criticized for the severe discipline he enforced on the UBC training grounds. He took the view that the students needed basic training and that the essential of basic training was discipline.

Graduates of Camp Vernon during the summers of the nineteen-forties will never forget the physical training and cold showers at six a.m. on which the redoubtable Colonel Shrum insisted for both officers and men. But students who criticized the iron-man Shrum while training under him frequently averred, when they returned from Europe after the war, that they owed their lives on the battle-fields to the strict discipline he had enforced at UBC.

Despite their complaints of Shrum's discipline, the students in the COTC rallied enthusiastically, with few exceptions, to his suggestion that they sign a waiver of the 15-days pay per year to which they were entitled and use the money for the construction of an armory. As a result, UBC boasts today the only university armory in Canada that has been built entirely from student pay, without the benefit of any governmental or other assistance whatever.

Possessing a fine officers' mess, this large and imposing armory is exceptionally well-equipped for COTC purposes. The university also uses it for the writing of examinations and for all of its convocations.

In addition to training officers and radar technicians on the UBC Campus, Shrum also contributed to the national war effort through his work for the Canadian Legion Educational Services. As Chairman of the Pacific Command, he supervised these services for British Columbia and also, part of the time, for Alberta.

With the assistance of Madame Isabelle Burnada, he prepared an informative military manual, *A Canuck goes to the Continent*. This small book did a big job for Canadian service personnel in France; with liaison troops in Africa; with the Fighting French and in the Belgian Congo; on the high seas and in the air. In 1944 it was recommended as a permanent supplement to the government's educational program for

returned men.

His experiences in both wars gave Shrum an exceptional appreciation of the veteran's point of view. Such sympathetic understanding was much needed during the hectic rehabilitation years following the war. To take care of the thousands of veterans who crowded into UBC Shrum devised and carried to completion the splendid plan of moving to the Campus army and air-force huts which had been used by the services. Altogether he begged, borrowed, or bought hundreds of such huts.

Among others he bought the whole air-force camp, including the hangar, at Tofino, dismantled the buildings, and floated them on scows down the coast of Vancouver Island via Victoria to UBC. With these huts he built Fort Camp, Acadia Camp, and numerous "temporary" lecture halls, all of which became known, usually affectionately and always picturesquely, as "Shrum's Slums".

In a period when it was very difficult to buy nails, Shrum hired students to straighten used nails so that the building program could keep up with the influx of veterans. By these methods, UBC was able to take care of some 5,500 veterans, in addition to its normal enrolment, during the post war years.

Some 300 of these huts are still in use on the UBC Campus as faculty offices, lecture rooms, and houses for both single men and women students and staff. Those used for housing will probably be in service for many years to come: they have been put on concrete foundations and stuccoed and also have tiled bathrooms and showers. What was envisaged as a purely temporary arrangement has apparently become a permanent feature of the campus.

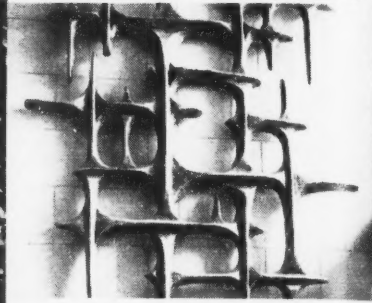
The National Conference of Canadian Universities established a Military Studies Committee in 1946, and Shrum served as its Chairman from the beginning until 1959. He succeeded in establishing such an effective liaison between the Committee and the Department of National Defence that the Government agreed to operate its Service Training Program at the universities in accordance with the conceptions of the universities concerned.

In 1956 Shrum became Dean of the Faculty of Graduate Studies, in succession to Dr. Henry F. Angus (whose abilities Premier Bennett has also recognized by appointing him to the Chairmanship of the Public Utilities Commission).

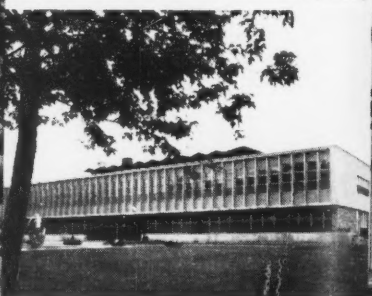
As Dean, he worked hard to maintain the highest standards and to insure that students were well qualified before they were admitted. He also en-



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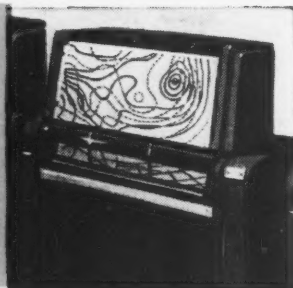




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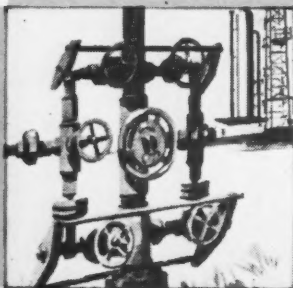
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forced a rule that UBC graduates, although they were permitted to take both the M.A. and Ph. D. degrees at home, must spend at least one year at another university in order to be assured that UBC was the right place at which to proceed for their advanced degree. He also fought to maintain a good schedule of course work in the graduate school, a controversial approach but one which even the English universities are now accepting.

The most attractive building on the UBC campus is the memorial Thea Koerner Graduate Student Centre, the funds for which were provided by Leon Koerner. This Centre was recently judged the most outstanding architectural achievement in Canada during the past three years, winning the Massey Gold Medal for the firm that designed it. In the same competition, the Common Block, which includes lounge and dining facilities for 800 students, was awarded a silver medal. Shrum probably had more to do with the planning of these two buildings than anyone except the architects. UBC's Board of Governors has recently named the Common Block after him in recognition of his services to the University.

Any one of Shrum's great contributions to British Columbia would have been enough for most men in a lifetime. But he has made many other important contributions to Canadian society through his work on Research Boards and Councils. His stature as a scientist and educator has received both national and international recognition.

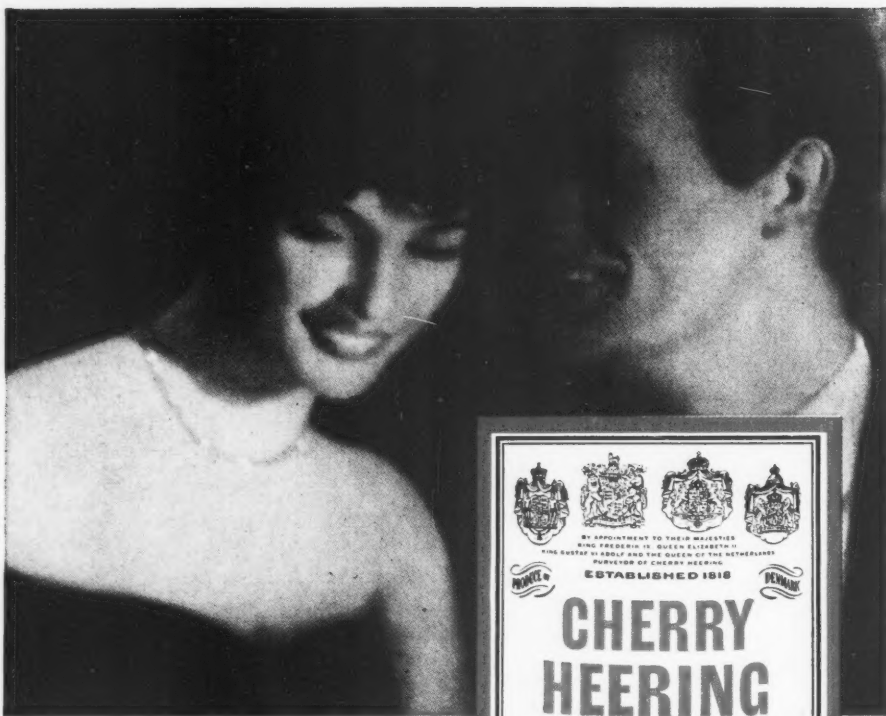
He is a Fellow of such organizations as the American Physical Society, the American Association for the Advancement of Science, the Canadian Association of Physiologists (President, 1953-54), and the Royal Society of Canada (President, Section III, 1958-59). He was a Member both of the Pacific Science Association and of the Pacific Science Council from 1948 to 1957; he headed the Canadian Delegations of the Seventh and Eighth Pacific Science Congress to New Zealand in 1949 and to Manila in 1953 respectively.

Through his membership on the National Research Council of Canada from 1943-49 and 1950-56, on the Defence Research Board from 1947-50 and 1951-54, and his chairmanship of the Scholarship Committee, National Research Council, from 1958-61, Shrum has been an influential advisor in the selection of personnel for scientific research and in the disbursement of millions of dollars in scholarships and fellowships. His latest appointment is that of Chairman, Advisory Committee on Scientific Research and Development, Glassco Royal Commission on Govern-

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ment Organization.

Shrum played a leading role in the organization of the British Columbia Research Council, of which he was Acting Director in 1944-45 and again in 1951-52, and of which he has been Director since 1952. Under his leadership, this Council, which was established by the Provincial Government, has built and equipped a large new laboratory, which was wholly financed from earnings on contract research for industry.

In addition to its work in B.C., this Council has carried on research projects in other countries. Typical jobs include the reduction of odors from pulp mills in Mexico, Brazil, and Sweden and the control of marine borers or teredoos in the United States. Shrum stresses the need for decentralized, immediately applicable research of this type, because so many problems are indigenous; at the same time he is fully aware of the need for large scale long-term research of the type carried out by the National Research Council.

Owing to his many and varied achievements Shrum has become one of the best known scientists in Canada, both in professional circles and to the general public. As a result he has been in great demand as a public speaker.

Recognition of his magnificent contributions to the Canadian community came to Gordon Merritt Shrum on June 27 this year when a testimonial dinner in his honor was held in Vancouver a few days before his retirement as Head of the Department of Physics at the University of British Columbia.

On this occasion he was presented with a *Testamur*, a large bound volume of letters from fellow scientists in Canada, the United States, and Europe. The signatures constitute a roll-call of many of the great men of today — a fitting tribute to one of the greatest Canadians of our age.

On August 29, the Board of Governors of the University of British Columbia formally accepted Shrum's resignations from the last of his remaining offices — Professor of Physics and Chairman of the Committee on Housing and Food Services. But they could not bring themselves to release such a man entirely — he was given the unprecedented appointment of Honorary Professor of Physics and an office was made available at the university for his continued use.

As President of the B.C. Electric Shrum faces the greatest challenge of his career. His highly successful responses to all his previous challenges make it clear that Premier Bennett made no mistake in selecting him for one of the biggest, most difficult and certainly most controversial jobs in Canada.

## Picasso's Picassos

BY ARNOLD EDINBOROUGH

PICASSO HAS BEEN flinging his paint pot in the public's face for the whole of this century — and they have loved it. Even his most inconsequential scribble is ardently competed for and he has, unlike most artists of his calibre, not only lived to see his canvases sold for fabulous sums but has sold them himself, and pocketed the money.

Even so he is still the owner of the biggest collection of Picassos in the world and it is this collection which forms the book *Picasso's Picassos*.

The story of how the book came about is told in a typically gee-whizz introduction by David Douglas Duncan. Between assignments on the Russian frontier of Afghanistan and in the High Atlas Mountains of Algeria he happened to drop in to see Picasso and was shown a whole roomful of paintings.

"I remember that I said almost nothing. But Picasso nodded and welcomed each revealed painting as if he were witnessing the return home of a long wandering child. Apparently many of the canvases had been locked for years in strong rooms of the Bank of France. Others had been silently disappearing under the aeolian dust of his long-closed Paris studios. Only during recent years, after making his home permanently on the Riviera, had Picasso started quietly gathering them all together for the first time."

Duncan's unaccustomed silence then is compensated for in the text of the book now. And more blushful phrases are not even used by social page writers. Duncan adores Picasso (he coyly calls him the maestro) and he is keen to let us in on the domestic details of Picasso's own life. He is also determined to give us, in the captions to each photograph, his judgment of the painting reproduced and some key to its meaning. Of the painting reproduced on this page, for example, he says, after a paragraph reminding us of the immediate pre-war terror of Europe:

"Although totally unrecorded until

now, on June 3, 1939, Picasso began a series of chilling portraits in which the progressive destruction of everything dear was told in the face of his model. She was gowned in the sombre greys and black of a mourning duchess of Spain. For Picasso, the wake of the world had already started even though World War II had not yet begun."

But it is unfair to Duncan to quote his text. He is one of the top photographers of the world and loves his camera almost as much as Picasso. He spent weeks and months getting everything right for taking the collection at Picasso's villa *La Californie*.

Since Picasso had made the collection available to Duncan only after insisting that all the pictures be in color there was many a dry run to iron out lighting and processing snags. In the end, for 500 canvases Duncan made 8,000 exposures. Of these over a hundred are reproduced beautifully in this



*Sombre greys of a mourning duchess.*

volume, each tipped in by hand on to a thick art paper.

In addition there are several full-page and one or two double-page spreads of Picasso photographed in his studio. At the back of the book, nine to a page, are black and white reproductions of the total collection at *La Californie* — over five hundred paintings photographed as Duncan found them and in strict chronological order as determined by Picasso himself.

And just what does this sumptuous, lovingly produced book tell us? What would make anyone spend \$24.95 on such a volume?

The answer is clear. Picasso has had more influence than any other artist on the life of our times whether we live in Canada, England, Spain or Japan. In ceramics, in painting, in sculpture, in book illustration he is without peer. His forms and frenzies have been imitated by other painters everywhere and the present international quality of art (abstract is abstract wherever it goes) is really his quality.

It is an absorbing pursuit, therefore, to watch in this book the development of Picasso from the cynical sentimentality of his early Toulouse-Lautrec period through Post Impressionism to Cubism and finally to Surrealism.

There is no question that this process of chronological reproduction from the painter's own collection will make a truer assessment of Picasso possible and the book will become essential for every art section of every public library in the world. (There may even be enough copies for this since Duncan mentions that the first edition for America will "fill twelve railway freight cars").

But it is, above all, a beautiful book capturing the very color and soul of one of the great artists of all time. Who would not want to buy it?

**Picasso's Picassos**, by David Douglas Duncan — 270 large square pages over 100 color reproductions — *Musson* — \$24.95 until Dec. 31, \$30 thereafter.



# Canada's Continuing War Crises

BY RAMSAY COOK

THERE IS PROBABLY no single word that symbolizes better the fragility of Canada than "conscription." When Canadians use the word it is frequently an adjective modifying the noun "crisis". And with good reason.

Since the British Conquest in 1759, one policy which the French Canadians have resisted consistently has been compulsory enlistment for overseas service. While minor crises over this question stretch all the way back to 1764, the most serious came in 1917 when Sir Robert Borden's government, having found it impossible to keep up Canada's military commitment by voluntary recruiting, turned to compulsion.

The result was a political revolution which produced a Union government composed, for all practical purposes, of English Canadians alone. In opposition stood Sir Wilfrid Laurier, backed by a solid phalanx of French Canadians and a handful of others who had succeeded in holding back the all-engulfing tide of English Canadian opinion.

Mackenzie King was one of the English Canadian Liberals who stood with Laurier in 1917. While he lost his seat in the House of Commons, he won the respect of Quebec. He won it because he had come to understand the basic reason for Quebec's opposition to conscription.

In December 1941, in attempting to convince his cabinet that conscription for overseas service had to be avoided at all costs, King tried vainly to explain Quebec's position to his English Canadian colleagues. He emphasized that, "it meant, in the case of the French Canadians in Canada, in their minds, domination of a conquered people, by an Orange Protestant majority."

Whatever his other weaknesses were, King understood the significance of this fact better than any other modern English Canadian politician. And as far as possible he tried to make it the guiding principle of his wartime military policy. And yet he was unable to avoid a "conscription crisis"; indeed he faced two of them.

The first of these crises ended in a draw. The plebiscite held in April 1942 released the government from its pledge to carry on the war without resorting to compulsory enlistment for overseas service. But the vote contained a warning, for while 80 per cent of English Canadians favored releasing the gov-

ernment from its pledge, 72 per cent of French Canadians opposed it. This situation explains the policy which the Liberal government followed for the next two years.

The National Resources Mobilization Act was amended to give the government power to conscript men for overseas service (it already had power to conscript for home defence). But the Prime Minister had no intention of using the authority immediately; indeed it was his most profound hope that the war could be won without conscription.

So the first "conscription crisis" ended with the government united behind an ambiguous policy — and it was a calculated ambiguity — of "conscription if necessary, but not necessarily conscription."

But what was the criterion to be used in judging the "necessity" of conscription? By the late summer of 1944, the King government was once more embroiled in a conflict over conscription. This stage of the crisis is unravelled in the slim volume, *The Conscription Crisis of 1944* by the late Professor R. MacGregor Dawson. The subject cannot help but be fascinating and Dawson's lucid, if academic, style is put to good purpose in analysing and explaining this complex episode.

Nevertheless it is a peculiar book. First of all, it is misnamed, for it is not about the conscription crisis, but rather about Mackenzie King's role in the crisis. Had Dawson lived to complete his biography of King this book would have been absorbed into the volume on the war period.



King: A calculated ambiguity.

I doubt if it would have stood exactly as it is now presented, for by working up to 1944 chronologically, the author would likely have come to see the incident in better perspective. Moreover additional sources might have provided the basis for a more balanced, and certainly a more complete picture. But perhaps the book will spark other actors in these events to publish their versions, and this will be another reason for being thankful for the Dawson essay.

The volume begins in the late summer of 1944 with the news that the army reinforcement pools were rapidly drying up. The news came as a surprise to the government and Dawson lays much of the blame at the feet of the military authorities who, he thinks, failed to keep the Cabinet abreast of the deteriorating situation.

In fact, however, as C. P. Stacey's volume *Six Years of War* shows, the government had chastised its overseas military advisers for sending what were described as "alarmist cables" on the manpower situation. Evidently the King government had trapped itself in its own communications system.

The real source of the crisis was the incompatibility of King's objectives. In order of importance these were: first, maintenance of national and party unity; secondly, the enlistment of the necessary troops; and finally, avoidance of conscription. Clearly, the second objective was in conflict with both the first and the third.

Voluntary enlistments had slowed almost to a trickle, while the NRMA men, or "Zombies" as they were unflatteringly called, were not prepared to transfer voluntarily to General Service in sufficient numbers to provide the necessary reinforcements. Thus a dangerous deadlock had been reached. But as a result of his political agility and acumen, a large portion of good luck, and the loyalty of a number of Ministers, notably Louis St. Laurent, King almost made party and national unity compatible with conscription.

His political agility was evident throughout the whole affair, though for a time it appeared to have deserted him in his choice of General A. G. L. McNaughton as J. L. Ralston's successor as Minister of National Defence in November 1944. But King had to get rid of Ralston, not only because he in his usual petty way suspected this loyal and admirable colleague of intrigue, but because Quebec distrusted him as the chief exponent of conscription.

Another try at the voluntary system had to be made and King and McNaughton convinced each other that it could be successful. When King, who never suffered from self-delusion very long when his position was at stake,

awoke to the truth, a group of high ranking army officers offered him an escape.

By November 22, King's Cabinet and party were crumbling around him, when McNaughton phoned to say that the Army Headquarters Staff had told him that the men could not be acquired by voluntary means. Apparently the long-heard rumblings of discontent in the army were reaching the point where resignations, at least, could be expected.

The unhappiness of the army over the government's failure to use compulsion (an unhappiness which can be understood, but which is nevertheless properly criticized by Dawson) was exaggerated by King to the point where he could portray it as a threatened revolt. Thus he could argue that conscription was necessary to save Canada from a worse fate — civil war.

King jumped on this opportunity with the speed so uncharacteristic of most of his decisions, that it can only be explained by the fact that he knew he was fighting for his political life and reputation.

Dawson does a convincing job of exploding the myth of the "revolt of the major-generals", while at the same time showing how King used the myth to justify his rapid *volte-face*. King now won St. Laurent's support, helped poor McNaughton change his maiden speech in Parliament from a defence of the voluntary system to an argument for conscription, and got his party — or at least most of it — behind him.

The whole performance would have been most impressive, if somewhat ruthless, but for King's sanctimonious self-justification throughout it all. Dawson tells us, for example, that between October 29 and November 24, King in his diary drew parallels between his difficulties and Christ's Passion on no fewer than 12 occasions.

Having ruined Ralston, humiliated McNaughton and completely reversed his position King could still write of the "fuller life which comes in time when principle has been held to the extremity of endurance."

Still this breath-taking exercise in political management was a success and Dawson's explanation of it is convincing. He argues that in firing Ralston and giving the voluntary system a final try, King persuaded Quebec of his entire sincerity.

He thus became the only English Canadian from whom Quebec would accept limited conscription, and then only unenthusiastically (34 French Canadians voted against the government, 23 for it on the vote of confidence sanctioning the changed policy). The result was not very impressive

perhaps, unless compared with the complete opposition of the French Canadians in 1917.

"The ghost of conscription was again laid, this time perhaps forever, and the chief exorcist was Mackenzie King," Dawson concludes.

It may be that conscription will no longer be an issue in the nuclear age, but if it is, only time can test Dawson's optimistic conclusion. It is at least pos-

sible, indeed likely, that Mackenzie King knew better than his biographer the strength of the emotional symbol of 1759, and probably realized that it would take more than the limited, though important, political success of 1944 to erase it.

**The Conscription Crisis of 1944**, by R. MacGregor Dawson—University of Toronto Press—\$3.75.

## Further Anglo-Saxon Attitudes

BY MARY LOWREY ROSS

ANGUS WILSON has placed the action of his latest novel, *The Old Men at the Zoo*, in the year 1970, which is just remote enough for fantasy, just close enough to convey a sense of the actual.

The setting is the London Zoo, and the cast of characters is made up of its directors, curators, keepers and some of their charges. Author Wilson doesn't, however, follow the Orwellian scheme of anthropomorphizing his animals. Instead, he dehumanizes his male and female characters, who fight, chatter, fawn, panic, copulate and spread their tail feathers in ways familiar to all readers of Angus Wilson, an author with a pretty low opinion of the human race.

As might be expected, the year 1970 is a period of international crisis, with Russia and America joining hands to threaten with nuclear extinction any smaller nation that makes use of atomic weapons. In the airless little pocket of the London Zoo, however, the menace takes second place to the struggle going on between 65-year-old Edward Leacock, the director, and his second-in-command, Sir Robert Falcon.

The dignified bickerings between these two—Director Leacock wants a natural reservation for his animals, Sir Robert favors a reversion to the old-fashioned Victorian Zoo—take up the larger part of the novel and are the author's commentary on the triviality of the human imagination under the shadow of extinction.

The trouble with triviality is that it is, essentially, dull, however spirited the documentation, and it is possible that once you lay down *The Old Men at the Zoo* you will have difficulty picking it up again. The leading characters are dedicated civil servants, drawn with a skillful distortion of line that is at least as revealing as honest portraiture.

But they are a dreary lot and all the narrator's lively spite fails to make their activities vivid or interesting. Occasionally, however, the reader is jerked into

stunned attention by some notable lapse from decent human behavior among the Wilson gentry — a display of savage snobbery or of frivolous indifference to suffering, the wild invasion of lust on any and all occasions, a case of sodomy in the National Game reserve, and the final abandonment of every form of sanity when the bombs begin to fall.

The story is narrated in the first person by Simon Carter, the 35-year-old Administrative Secretary who is called on to deal with the incessant squabbles of the old men at the Zoo. A highly uxorious type, Carter snatches what moments he can for his marriage (the account details, with considerable humor, a bedroom episode distracted by a telephone conference on policy, as well as a sleeping-bag ditto at the height of the blitz).

Nothing comes in the end of all his efforts to salvage his marriage, his self-respect or the conflicting policies of the zoo's directors. Since the author goes to considerable pains to prove that in our abnormal times the normal man is both an anomaly and a pretty poor fish, he makes a sorry hero.

The narrative comes to a climax with war, famine, pestilence and resurgent fascism and resolves itself in a return to normalcy almost as disquieting as the preceding apocalyptic horrors. However, the thesis that the human race is brutal, nasty and irretrievably damned is by this time a fairly familiar one.

Pessimism, in fact, has become almost as mandatory a literary convention in the 60s as Marxism was a generation ago. Meanwhile the bewildered reader is at liberty to comfort himself as best he can with the philosophy set down by de Maupassant in the Nineteenth Century — "After all, nothing is ever as bad or as good as we think it is."

**The Old Men at the Zoo**, by Angus Wilson—British Book Service—\$4.75.



## Little Pond and Big Pond

BY KILDARE DOBBS

NATURE, RED IN TOOTH and claw, is the subject of Franklin Russell's fascinating study of the life that seethes in and around a small and presumably Canadian pond. Based on an article which Russell wrote for *Maclean's* (and which was among the best contributions to the book *Maclean's Canada*) *Watchers at the Pond* is a not unworthy descendant of the ancestor of all such books—*The Natural History of Selbourne* by the Reverend Gilbert White (1789).

It's odd how men, looking at nature, see the image of their own society. Kipling's jungle was organized on the fascist pattern ("the word of your Head Wolf is Law"), and when Southey — at the time of Industrial Revolution — looked into his pond, what he noticed was that the big pike ate up the weaker fish.

Perhaps after all the phrase "red in tooth and claw" is misleading when applied to Russell's pond, because it's very much a free enterprise microcosm that he shows us. It's worm eat rotifer, frog eat worm, kingfisher eat frog, and yet with all this violence and death it isn't death that triumphs, but life.

Russell is an unassuming writer who uses the standard, impersonal, short sentences of the magazine-man. The effect of his book is imaginative, almost poetic; and this despite the denseness of its compilation of facts.

Although it's clear that no one man could have observed with his own senses all that Russell presents, he writes with the authority of a man who has boned up thoroughly on the scientific literature that bears on his subject. More remarkable, he makes it interesting even to the likes of myself who don't know a desmid from a diaton and who certainly wouldn't recognize a vampyrella even if he came to lunch at the club.

Russell not only tells us a great deal we didn't know before, he also makes us see more clearly the things we have seen for ourselves. We have all, I suppose, watched a robin catch an earthworm. In this book we're given the worm's-eye view.

"The earthworm's senses were acute, but they missed registering the presence of a robin who was standing over him and listening intently, hearing the sliding noise of a body moving through the

earth and calculating its exact position. Before the worm could push above ground, the robin's beak drove into the earth, seized him, and began pulling. Instantly, all the earthworm's body hairs fastened into the walls of the tunnel. The robin pulled . . ."

*Watchers at the Pond*, handsomely produced with black-and-white drawings by Robert W. Arnold, is Franklin Russell's first book. It will make an ideal Christmas present for anyone whose sense of wonder is still undimmed — and that includes aunts and bosses as well as nephews and secretaries.

So much for the little pond. The big one is the villain of Farley Mowat's salty adventure story for men of all ages: the big pond is none other than the Western Ocean, as sailors call the North Atlantic. *The Serpent's Coil* is a documentary written with the freedom of fiction, for, as readers of Mowat's earlier books will happily acknowledge, he's not a man to let facts stand in the way of a good story.

In September 1948 the S.S. *Leicester*, an old Liberty ship, stood into a fearful hurricane (the serpent's coil of the title) and, when her ballast shifted, developed what seemed to be a fatal list. Several

of her crew were drowned, and her master (believe it or not) was carried overboard by one wave and dumped back by the next.

(I am going to take Mowat's word for this, since I know a naval officer to whom the same thing happened.) Completely disabled, the ship was abandoned and by all the laws of probability should have sunk almost at once.

But sink she didn't, and the main part of Mowat's lively story concerns the attempt to salvage her by two ocean-going tugs from Newfoundland. I give nothing away that the author doesn't hint at in his prefatory note when I say that the attempt was successful, and that the intrepid seamen returned (to borrow from the naval prayer) to enjoy the blessings of the land with the fruits of their labors.

Landlubbers as well as old salts will enjoy this intellectually unexacting yarn of those that go down to the sea in ships and make their money in great waters. Based on documents in the possession of the Foundation Company of Canada, it's a thoroughly professional job of work.

Designer Frank Newfeld has got it up to look like a ship's log, which to my mind isn't a success, and illustrated it with double-page drawings in his bold and imaginative way — which is. Don't give it to anyone who suffers from seasickness.

***Watchers at the Pond*, by Franklin Russell — McClelland & Stewart — \$5.00.**

***The Serpent's Coil*, by Farley Mowat — McClelland & Stewart — \$5.00.**



Illustration from "The Serpent's Coil"; Salty adventure on the Atlantic.

# A Great Passion for Dullness

BY TONY EMERY

SOON AFTER THE WAR, when the economic conditions in Italy were so vividly portrayed by sensitive Italian film directors, an American news photographer in Rome was telling an acquaintance of a harrowing sight he had just witnessed. "Just a little kid not six years old, out there in the piazza," he said. "So weak from malnutrition he couldn't even stand. Begging from the passers-by."

"And what did you give him?" asked his friend.

"A hundredth at f.16," the photographer said. "That sun's pretty darned bright."

I was reminded of this single-minded shutter-artist by Morley Callaghan's latest novel, *A Passion in Rome*. It concerns a Canadian news photographer, Sam Raymond, in Rome to cover the illness and eventual obsequies of Pope Pius XII; but he is anything but single-minded.

This is partly due to the fact that "for fourteen years he had quietly worked on the side as a painter", apparently without attaining the modest level of achievement requisite to satisfy juries of annual mixed exhibitions in Canadian galleries. (I only wish this were remotely possible.)

But most of the credit for keeping Sam's rather blank mind off his work and his hands off his well-worn Leica must go to Carla Caneli, *alias* Anna Connel, an alcoholic Italo-American TV singer whom he encounters on his first night in Rome as he searches for a night's lodging. She is wandering in a spirituous daze when they meet; she finds it difficult to communicate with him because she can only speak pidgin-English in her disturbed state and he has no Italian at all.

Boy loses girl while he is registering in a hotel room won by employing the technique outlined by Carla in her staccato Sitting Bull phrases, but he meets her again through the kind offices of Francesca Winters, a tentatively lesbian lady who acts as his interpreter and guide. Francesca introduces Sam to Carla and the latter's ageing film-maker-protector, Alberto Ruberto, and one of the two passions suggested in the devilish, ingenious title — three you count the Pope — is away to a booming start.



Callaghan: A small reservation.

It is one-sided at the outset, because Sam cannot arouse much of a spark from Anna Connel sober. After he has persuaded Alberto, however, to trade her he is able to devote all his time and energy to rehabilitating her, and restoring her to sobriety and self-respect. Anna accepts the arrangement: she is, after all, used to the idea of alternate sponsors.

Sam's method is simple and direct, combining business and pleasure to an unusual degree. The secrets of the consulting room will not be revealed by me, but I may be allowed, perhaps, to say that while Sam evidently scorns deep analysis he does use the couch, or something very like it, and he is ultimately successful in effecting a cure, which goes to show once more that the dedicated layman — and I do not think, on the evidence of chapter II, we can deny that title to Sam — can sometimes succeed where a professional would have failed.

Not all of the therapy is physical and horizontal: there is also a vertical and mental component, which consists of rambles round the ruins with Anna as cicerone, tireless commentator and regurgitator of gobbets from the guidebook and "her little library of Ancient Rome". This may have cured Anna, but it nearly killed me with boredom: Trajan was not more arch.

"Still giggling . . . she talked about the powerful old families, the Barbarini and the Farneses, with a kind of disrespectful intimacy, as if they were old

neighbors and she was beguiling him, taking him into the past as she had always been able to do; but now she was amusing. "The old rich ones sit around wondering where they can pick up some marble for their palaces. "How are you fixed for marble?" they say. "This is confidential, but I know where we can get it wholesale."'"

Sam, I take it, is amused with comparative ease. Perhaps it is because he isn't always listening very carefully. "Sam kept watching the way Carla's breast jiggled as she walked." Sly dog, Sam.

But who are we to sneer at Sam's therapeutic techniques? After all, they laughed at Charcot. The fact is, whether we believe it or not — and I, for one, don't — Carla gives up the juice and finds a new self-respect. Sam has won through.

Now the photographic Pygmalion plucks the bitter fruit of his own success when his teetotal Galatea matches self-sacrifice for self-sacrifice and rushes off back to the States to face the music business once more. Sam, distraught, seeks out his favorite milk bar, a clean well-lighted place, and comforts himself with the thought of Carla "beside him, yet beyond him in all the serenity of her summer ripeness."

I have always found Morley Callaghan an outstandingly dull writer, even in a national literature which seemed ever to be over-compensating guiltily for having produced a Leacock, but in his early short stories and novels he was at least successful within the limits of his narrow themes. His last three novels, progressively more ambitious in scope, have sounded a diminuendo of success. With each successive widening of his horizon he has revealed faults which in the earlier works either passed unnoticed by not very critical critics, or were hailed as positive virtues.

Alerted by the adulatory remarks of Messrs. Wilson and Kazin on the dust-jacket, I conducted a swift survey of recent critical opinion on Callaghan's work. It was an educative experience.

No one critic can bring himself to pan so venerable an institution, but each makes a small reservation. Thus for one critic Callaghan fails as a creator of credible character; another is worried by the pedestrian style; yet another — a Montrealer — cannot believe in Callaghan's Montreal; a fourth is puzzled by the unnecessarily involved construction. But all agree that he is one of our great writers.

Personally I am worried by all these faults in Callaghan simultaneously, and by some others as well: his Grade B movie dialogue, for instance, which reveals a marvellously tin ear for every-



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day speech; his total lack of any sense of humor, which not only makes for tedium, suet-thick, but also allows him to write ludicrous things like:

"For a year now they had had no sexual relations. It had just dropped off." (*The Many Colored Coat.*) Above all I am appalled, in a man mentioned in the same breath as Turgenev and Chekhov, by his obtuseness, his imperviousness, and utter want of sensibility.

*A Passion in Rome* must be the least memorable novel ever written about what the dustjacket, in a neatly-coined phrase, calls "The Eternal City". Against a fuzzily indistinct background move the incredible characters that Callaghan has assembled: every last one of them a failure, according to their creator. Sam, alleged to be an artist, with scholarly pretensions, is a near-moron: we are not only not involved in his carryings-on, we are more likely to be repelled by them.

(He calls Francesca "Frankie", and Alberto "Al". If Carla hadn't bolted she'd be answering to "Charlie" right now, or I'm no judge.) As a novel about Rome it is bound to suffer from the drawback of containing no recognizable Italians at all. It might just as well have been set in Saskatoon.

And that glossy-magazine, hearts-and-flowers-played-in-thick-woollen-gloves-on-a-wheezy-harmonium prose doesn't exactly help. Am I exaggerating? In the following paragraphs four of the sentences are from *A Passion in Rome*:

Her whole face glowed with life and exultant wonder in the beautiful hushed stillness of her spirit. With one of her rare gestures of conciliation she bent over and touched him lightly on the brow. Was she so much in love with him that she felt a gulf of separation if she was in sight of him, yet beyond his touch?

"It's a funny thing," she said, "but sometimes when I look at you in the other room there, singing and smiling to yourself, I have the feeling that there's some core in you that's absorbed all the good and bad in your life, and you can look at it with a wise smile."

He drew the tip of his finger lightly over her lip. "I'm not going to let you chew the cud of self-pity that way till it sours your whole nature and makes you permanently worthless for anything in life," he said. His head whirled and he stammered, trying not to belittle his concern for her by touching her while her heart and her thoughts were tormented.

Two of the other three sentences are from stories in the current issue of *Ladies Home Journal*, and the other is from *The Way of A Dog*, by Albert

Payson Terhune. Can you guess which is which? Like to bet money on it? Real money?

**A Passion in Rome**, by Morley Callaghan — Macmillan — \$4.95.

## The Elsa Saga

*Living Free* continues the saga of Elsa, the astonishing lioness adopted by George and Joy Adamson of Kenya. Like its predecessor the sequel presents as a secondary theme the story of the even more astonishing Adamsons who live among the savage creatures of their Kenya Eden as tranquilly as Adam and Eve before the Fall.

When *Born Free* was published Elsa became almost instantly a world celebrity. By that time Senior Game Keeper Adamson and his wife had reluctantly returned her to the jungle. *Living Free* is the story of her mating with a jungle lion, her pregnancy, and her first year of motherhood.

The title is perhaps a misnomer. For Elsa, with all her fierce delight in jungle life, could never free herself of the bond of love and dependance that linked her to the Adamsons. Nor could the Adamsons in spite of their scrupulous regard for Elsa's birthright, resign themselves to a final parting.

At a respectful distance they supervised her mating, pregnancy and accouchement; and they were finally rewarded when Elsa, after a period of instinctive animal evasions, finally brought her family into the Adamson camp.

Throughout this period and during all the subsequent visitings back and forth, Joy Adamson and Mother Elsa appear to have behaved towards each other with the scrupulous consideration possible only in the very best human relationships. To be sure Elsa once knocked her foster mother down; but this was no more than a friendly protest against Mrs. Adamson's intrusion into the jungle in search of the nursery.

The episode marks the only lapse from tact in their singular friendship. On her return to camp Elsa conducted herself with almost invariable courtesy and charm, and frequently clouted her little family when they failed to come up to her standards as house-guests.

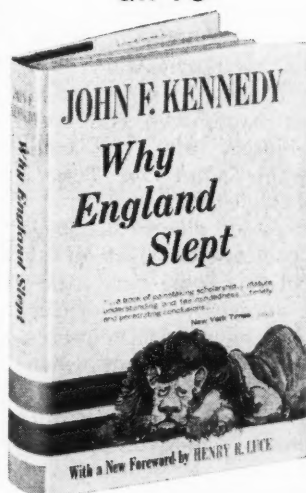
Nothing could be more matter-of-fact than the tone of this extraordinary narrative. Joy Adamson writes casually of the nest of vipers that lived almost at their doorstep, of the wild elephant stampedes that sometimes interfered with her search for Elsa and the family, of the alligators that lurked at the lake's edge, of Elsa's frustrated husband who roared nightly and often unavailing invitations from the bush.

While the writer didn't fraternize

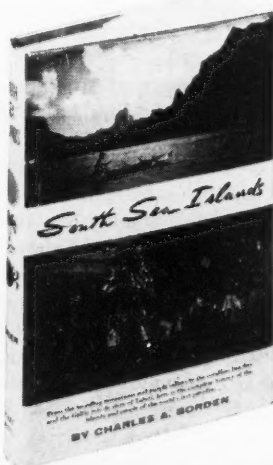
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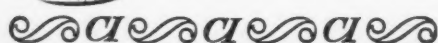
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with the cobras and the crocodiles, and avoided the elephant herds and the lions and lionesses who came to court or challenge Elsa, she seems to have accepted their presence, often fearsomely immediate, as part of the normal hazard of living. Meanwhile, she protected Elsa and her brood as vigilantly as a sensible city mother might protect her children from traffic.

With its remarkable animal pictures *Living Free* makes a fascinating and in-

timiate story, and it is saddening to come to the final footnote and learn that Elsa died of a blood infection early this year. Her three cubs, Jespha, Gopa and little Elsa were later transported seven hundred miles by the tireless Adamsons and finally released to the Serengeti National Game Park in Tanganyika. M.L.R.

*Living Free*, by Joy Adamson—Collins —\$5.95.

## About Canada's Jet Jockeys

By JOHN GELLNER

IT IS PERHAPS not altogether fair that a novel which describes with expert knowledge a highly specialized and technical activity, the flying of military jet aircraft, and a rather esoteric milieu, a Royal Canadian Air Force station in Germany, should be reviewed by one who served with the author during the times and at the places which have provided the latter with his inspiration. On the other hand, who else could review it? Indeed, who else could understand what *Splash One Tiger* is really all about?

There is, first of all, the language. Writing in professional slang always presents problems. Some very skillful writers have succeeded in using such slang while still remaining comprehensible to outsiders, throughout. Others — and our author, unfortunately, is among them — have ended up writing only for themselves and for their colleagues.

The uninitiated reader is, at first, bewildered; then he feels left out and gets annoyed. It cannot be otherwise if the author confronts him with page after page of lingo such as: "The American leader suddenly twigged to the fact that Saunders' section was coming up his stovepipe. He abruptly raked it into a tight turn", or: "Saunders knew full well that the Americans were flying with fuel-heavy jugs, and that the Hog didn't have the powerpack of the Canadian Six".

What is even worse, the author uses expressions which cannot even be understood by all jet pilots, but only by those who happened to be stationed on one or the other of the RCAF bases in Germany, Zweibruecken and Soellingen. Only they, for instance, would know what a "mox nix-question" is, (one which is irrelevant) — (from the German, "macht nichts", it does not matter).

As the language, so the plot. Again, to the outsider, it may seem that there

is not much of it, certainly not enough to fill 287 pages. All there is, is the struggle between the "real" fighter pilots, represented by Buzz Saunders — or, perhaps more correctly, the fighter pilots such as they were in the First World War, and already to a much lesser degree in the Second — and bureaucratic authority, represented by "the wing commanders", and specifically by one Wing Commander Lynch.

American war novels are generally sustained by this very same basic conflict, although the antagonists, there, usually are citizen-soldier on one side, brassbound regular officer on the other. It is to the credit of the author that he treats this well-worn plot with some originality, and without recourse to the customary profanity.

The sympathies of readers who have never given much thought to why we have an air force — and they will not be helped by Childerhose's book in thinking about it — will be wholeheartedly on Saunders' side. They will applaud inwardly his every revolt against established authority, perhaps even the utterly childish ones like that over his flying suit. "It was one of those articles of apparel that the air force insisted be kept clean, at the wearer's expense. Precisely the reason Saunders refused to have it done".

They will perhaps chuckle rather than be shocked over some startling bits of behavior (which in the eyes of many people would disqualify Saunders from holding down any responsible job) as when he savagely hits a farm boy who has done nothing worse than to gawk at a piece of debris from a crashed aircraft, or brawls in a nightclub, or spits into the telephone. They may take it all as the typical attitudes of a true, tough fighting man.

Then there will be others who will be torn between approval and disapproval of Saunders. They will see in him a man who has really never grown

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up, who perhaps is even something of a psychopath, but they will also see much justice in his contention that it is just as impossible to make a flier into a fighter pilot while insisting that everything be done "by the book", and thus with the exclusion of risks, as it is to make an omelette without breaking the eggs.

My own sympathies lie not with the boorish and foolish Saunders nor with the unspeakable Lynch — a specimen like him may not be merely a figment of the author's imagination, but I personally have been blessedly spared running into one of Lynch's kind in the Service — but with the long-suffering Station Commander, Group Captain Scott. He believes that fighting morale can be maintained in a proper, well-ordered Service environment.

He is also hoping against hope that, some time soon, Saunders will become as good an officer and decent citizen as he is a fine pilot — Scott has fought with distinction in the war, and knows that these qualities are by no means mutually exclusive. At long last, he gives up on him: it is when Saunders deliberately flies an aircraft which he has ordered to be fuelled from a tender whose contents are suspected of being contaminated, and breaks it as a result. Only then does Scott admit that he has been trying to foster an anachronism.

The plot, which may look thin to the initiated, is important enough to the insider; here again, the author has written for his friends rather than for the general public. The latter can not be expected to recognize — and is not helped to recognize — the underlying problem, that of the sense of professional soldiering in our times, and derived from it, that of the position of the professional fighting man in modern society.

The Canadian forces, in particular, suffer from an absence of a soldierly ethos. Childerhose himself has probably been groping for it, and quit the Service when he did not find it.

In his book he shows how different men try to solve this fundamental problem. They have this in common — they all over-simplify: Saunders who sees in flying the *alpha* and *omega* of it all; Flight Lieutenant Waters who considers the Service a business in which one must try to get ahead as in all others; a few who are simply prepared to serve without questioning—humbly, quietly, uncomprehendingly.

It occurs to nobody that, since the 18th century and in the inception of citizens' armies, military history has gone full circle and that the professional soldier is today again irreplaceable, and thus indispensable to society. It is this which should free the Saunderses — and the Childerhoses — from those

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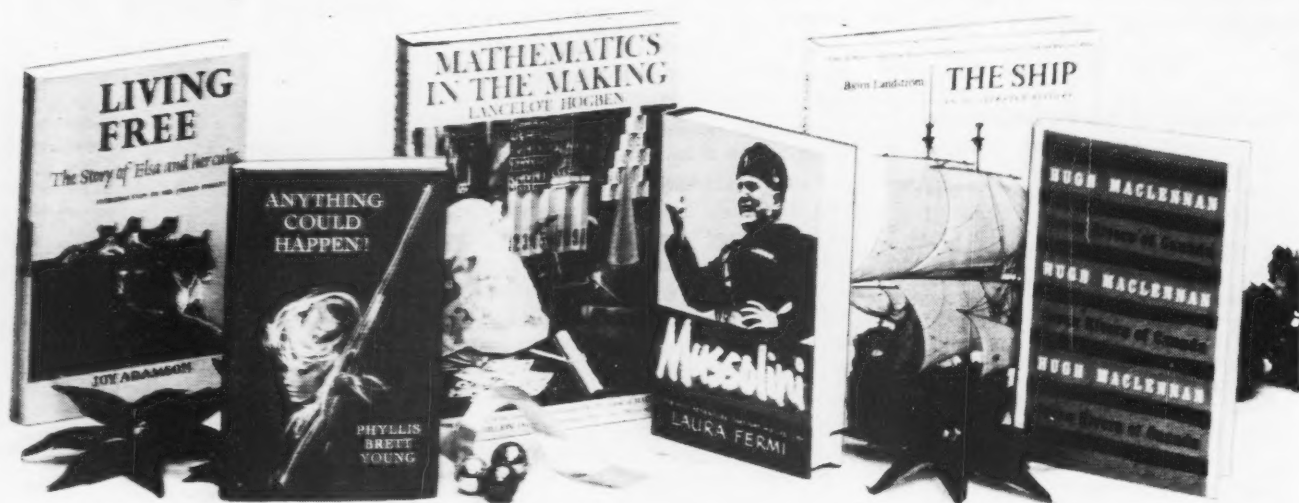
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feelings of futility which compel the former to find relief in childish rebellion, and the latter, the more valuable, to leave the armed services.

There is one great redeeming feature to Childerhose's book which makes one forget the banality and thinness of the plot and the crudity of the characterizations: the descriptions of flying are superb, such as can only come from the pen of an author who has himself undergone the tensions of controlling high-speed aircraft.

The final chapter, which tells about the saving of Lynch at the price of Saunders' life, is a gem, albeit one a little clouded by the bathos of the last few lines. I found that the palms of my hands were sweating as I read the ending of *Splash One Tiger*. It occurred

to me that if the author had managed to write 287 pages the way he wrote the last 18, he could have been acclaimed as Canada's V. M. Yeates, if not her Antoine de St. Exupéry.

As it is, apart from a passage here and there, Childerhose in his first novel gives little indication that he is about to join the great poets and mystics of the air in world literature. His talents seem to be closer to those of Nevil Shute. This genre, too, can be interesting. We may thus look forward to the next Childerhose book — I, for one, hope that there will be one — with some expectation.

**Splash One Tiger**, by R. J. Childerhose  
—McClelland & Stewart—\$4.95.

## Some Vital Lessons for Today

BY R. T. C. WHATMORE

WRITTEN IN HIS senior year at Harvard, *Why England Slept* by John F. Kennedy was published in 1940 with a paternalistic foreword by Henry Luce. It has now been reissued with an additional suitably respectful foreword by Henry Luce.

The book was originally meant to serve as a warning to a United States not yet at war. "In studying the reasons why England slept, let us try to profit by them and save ourselves her anguish", writes Kennedy in his introduction. In 1940 it was customary to blame the pre-war Prime Ministers, Baldwin and Chamberlain, for Britain's lack of preparedness at the outbreak of war.

Kennedy goes to the opposite extreme and, avoiding any mention of personalities, he contrives to show that in the pre-nuclear age the conditions imposed by a parliamentary democracy make it almost inevitable that a totalitarian regime will have an initial advantage in any war. He recalls how up until 1935 there was still widespread faith in the League and considerable pacifist sentiment in England.

Also, many felt that positive results would come out of the Disarmament Conference which had been called in 1932. In any case Britain could not possibly afford large armament expenditures in her parlous economic condition.

Gradually England was aroused from her somnolent state. The invasion of Abyssinia, the blatant rearming of Germany, the reoccupation of the Rhineland and finally the bloodless conquests of Austria and Czechoslovakia, each stiffened slightly England's

will to resist but it was not realized until too late how fast Hitler had been rearming. As a consequence British rearmament was never prosecuted with sufficient purpose or vigor.

The book is a severely factual study and the author shows a sound knowledge of the British scene without revealing any flashes of real insight. The institutional shortcomings of a capitalist democracy attempting to reform in time of peace are accurately depicted and from this range Kennedy's explanation of events seems somewhat more rational than any of the hysterical personal denunciations so common in 1940. However, in his attempt to offset the bias of contemporary commentators, he has simply avoided any discussion of the British leaders of the day.

To this extent the book is inadequate since any complete appraisal must at least take into account the effect of Baldwin's inertia and Chamberlain's virulent hatred of war coupled with his reliance on an ill-chosen inner circle of advisers.

However, this book cannot be criticized solely on its merits as a historical work since, as Henry Luce says in his foreword, it has been republished partly because the author, as President Kennedy, now faces a roughly similar situation. Of course there are significant differences between then and now.

Khrushchov and Hitler are very different opponents and the Great Britain of the 30s is scarcely comparable to the United States of the 60s. Also, no doubt President Kennedy would not now agree with some of the views he expressed in 1940. But there is one





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rather ominous parallel between Great Britain's performance then and the record of the first year of President Kennedy's administration.

The British leaders then felt themselves unable to rearm on a sufficient scale in the face of an apathetic and potentially hostile public opinion. This constraint on their freedom of action Kennedy seemingly accepted in 1940 as being unavoidable and the chief reason for Britain's lack of preparedness in 1939.

And now, in the first year of his Presidency, he has refused to risk his personal popularity by really fighting for the measures which he said in his campaign speeches were essential, so that it seems doubtful whether he is prepared to act in the face of, or ahead of, public opinion. Whereas this may not have a very serious effect on his domestic program, it could be disastrous in the realm of defence.

Nuclear technology is today so complicated that it is the basic decisions taken now which will determine whether the precarious balance of terror is to be maintained in five years time. Missile gaps cannot be closed by crash programs and, if the Russians gain a significant technological lead on the West, they can hardly be expected to exercise the gentlemanly restraint shown by the United States when it held a nuclear monopoly after the Second World War.

Therefore the President must be prepared to fight for what he knows he needs even if he has to incur the wrath of Congress, the public or both. There will not be a second chance in a nuclear war, as there was for Great Britain in the Second World War, and there probably won't even be anyone left to apportion the blame.

**Why England Slept** by J. F. Kennedy—  
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### Gallery of Presidents

IN LINE WITH their long-followed policy of upgrading the ordinary cigar-store paperback, Bantam Books have now instituted a Gallery series. Printed on good stout paper and bound in well-designed glossy-surface jackets, two are particularly noteworthy: *Presidents of the US* by Cornel Lengyel and *The Civil War As They Knew It: Abraham Lincoln's Immortal Words and Mathew Brady's Famous Photographs*.

Both little books are well illustrated, the presidents from the usual sources but enlivened by some good modern press pictures of this century's presidents. The short history of each president is spritely, anecdotal and liberally

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sprinkled with the kind of saying which one easily associates with each man.

In the Civil War book Pierce G. Fredericks provides a commendably incisive general commentary but the pictures are highlighted by relevant quotes from Lincoln's own letters and speeches.

Both books are a model of how lively history can be for the interested but ignorant adult as well as for the interested and as yet unknowledgeable high-school student. L.S.

**Presidents of the USA: Profiles and Pictures**, by Cornel Lengyel.

**The Civil War as they Knew it**, edited by Pierce G. Fredericks. Bantam Gallery Books — \$1.25 each.

## Limericks Fit to Print

IT IS A TRIBUTE to the resourcefulness of Louis Untermeyer that he can find enough printable limericks to fill nearly two hundred pages. But his ingenuity has been taxed to write some strange last lines for many of them. My impression is that this book will serve more as an *aide-memoire* than as a party piece itself.

In one section however, print *does* help for the limerick has, at one period of its life, been typographically rather than orally funny. And there are gems in the section Tricks and Puzzles like this one:

*A bright little maid in St. Thomas  
Discovered a suit of pajomhas  
Said the maiden "Well, Well,  
Whose they are I can't tell  
But I'm sure that those garments  
St. Mthomas.*

and this:

*A girl who weighed many an oz.  
Used language I dare not pronoz.  
For a fellow unkind  
Pulled her chair out behind  
Just to see (so he said) if she'd boz.*

And at the New Year's eve party we recommend the following for party games:

*A fly and a flea in a flue  
Were imprisoned, so what could  
they do?  
Said the fly, "Let us flee!"  
"Let us fly!" said the flea  
So they flew through a flaw in  
the flue.*

A.E.

**Lots of Limericks**, edited by Louis Untermeyer. Over 90 witty illustrations — Doubleday — \$3.00.



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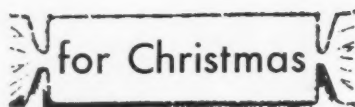


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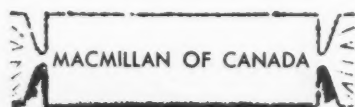
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## The Various Faces of Evil

BY KILDARE DOBBS

AMONG THE SOLDIERS who fought vainly to defend Hong Kong from the attacking Japanese were a number of Canadians. Members of the first Canadian units to go into action in the Second World War, those who were not killed were made prisoners. The author of *A Handful of Rice* was one of them.

Out of the humiliation of defeat and the appalling suffering of that imprisonment William Allister has made his first novel. Though in many ways it recalls the cruder and more sensational American war novels and movies it has an added dimension of political allegory that makes it memorable.

The Canadians are fighting for life in a Malayan prison camp, barely surviving on a daily handful of rice. Their officers make a deal with the Japanese. In return for extra rations the men will work to build a Japanese airfield under their own officers who are to be responsible for discipline and administration. An officer called Captain Welland is in charge of issuing rations.

Welland is an aggressive, cynical and forceful personality, the image of private greed and enterprise. He conspires with the Japanese ration sergeant to sell part of the men's allowance of food, at the same time making sure that he and his brother officers are fed like fighting cocks. Another officer, popular with the men, he cleverly perverts till he has made him his accomplice.

This subaltern, Don Turner, is a socialist, an idealist who longs to bring uplift to the men. With his ill-gotten profits he buys records and books in an attempt to educate the starving soldiers; he even brings medical supplies to assuage the sufferings of those who are dying of his profiteering.

The men are dying like flies. Their sporadic attempts at revolt bring quick and bloody retribution from the Japanese. Blacky, a French-Canadian ex-miner, is the type of the honest working man: brave and forthright as he is, he cannot bring himself at first to raise hand or voice against his own officers. He soon becomes the centre of a growing mutiny as the drama of exploitation and revolt moves to its crisis of violence.

Despite its lack of subtlety (the author's notions of "culture" e.g. are hardly adequate) the novel moves us

by the power of fiercely held personal conviction. As a documentary it may or may not be true to the facts; it's prefaced by a quote from Matthew Prior — "Odds life! Must one swear to the truth of a song?" But by implication, it's probably unfair to those Canadian officers who had the misfortune to be among the defeated at Hong Kong.

It may be read as a Marxist fable. Welland is the evil capitalist who has the merit of not deceiving himself. Turner is the hypocritical social democrat, ever the most contemptible figure in the Marxist demonology. Blacky is the aroused proletarian. And yet, of Turner one of the men says, "He's just a person, good and bad, like you and me, that's all."

If social evil is Allister's concern, evil itself is that of 22-year-old Marie-Claire Blais. In her first novel, *La Belle Bête* — published in English as *Mad Shadows* — she showed a promising aptitude for mythopoeic fiction. In *Tête Blanche* (translated by Charles Fullman) she writes once more about children, once more with the radiance and ambiguity of myth.

English-Canadian fiction, especially short stories, is full of childhood and its disillusionments, childhood as a legend of innocence in the golden age terminating in the fall of adolescence. It looks as if French-Canadians, too, find difficulty in discovering surer ground to stand on.

*Tête Blanche* is a boy of uncommon intelligence who finds it easy to solve problems in algebra but cannot resolve the evil in himself. From boarding-school he corresponds with his actress mother. She does not answer his questions or believe in his wickedness. He writes, "Did God understand Lucifer? Where is God, Mama, and how can we love him?" Mama dies without returning an answer.

Childhood to *Tête Blanche* is a nightmare, and yet it seems he does not wholeheartedly want to awake from it. Emilie, whom he loves as a child, is lost to him once he grows to manhood.

Enigmatic, haunting, the novel is written with the obliqueness, the profound simplifications of poetry. Yet at moments of crisis its simplicity lapses into affectation, the childlike effect is lost to childishness. When little Pierre

THIS  
CHRISTMAS

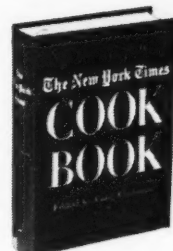
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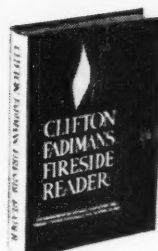
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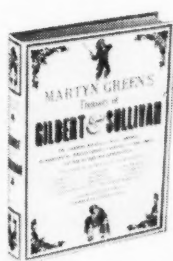
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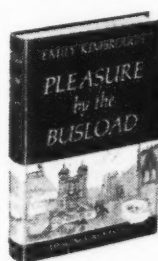
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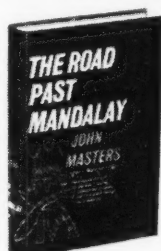
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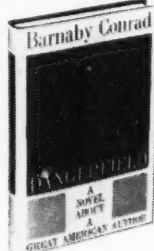
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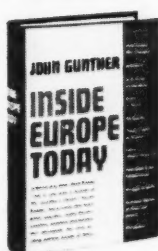
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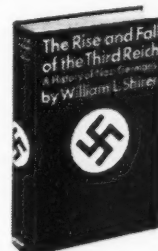
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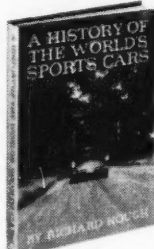
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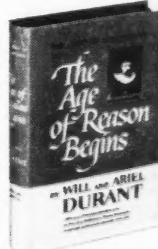
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**M**cCLELLAND  
& **S**TEWART

lies dying the author makes us feel again all the sweet self-pity of youth, And,

"Outside, an owl hooted. And then other birds could be heard, answering each other more lovingly than people."

I suppose it's because I'm a wicked adult, but I don't believe in that sort of love: it's for the birds.

**A Handful of Rice**, by William Allister — *British Book Service* — \$4.50.

**Tête Blanche**, by Marie-Claire Blais — *McClelland & Stewart* — \$3.50 (cloth), \$2.35 (paper).

### "Here Are Trees"

VAN WYCK BROOKS' final instalment of his autobiography makes almost truculently clear the fact that he is one of the yea-sayers of life, a representative of the ultra-red as opposed to the ultra-violet type of mentality.

The classification is Arthur Koestler's, but the author of *From the Shadow of the Mountain* appropriates it with considerable success to prove that America owes her vitality in both life and letters to the believers and affirmers; to the Emersons, Thoreaus and Whitmans whose faith in the perfectibility of man was still dominant in the earlier decades of the 20th century.

The literary descendants of these famous figures have all but vanished from America. Most are dead; and the tough survivors of the "cultural ice-age" that set in with the 30s are already old men. There is perhaps a melancholy significance in the fact that the "yea-sayers" whose lives and friendships are recorded here are, for the most part, octogenarians.

Like all good autobiography this is a story of personal encounters as they relate to larger events. It is rather loosely organized and the reminiscences tend at times to ramble. With all the divergencies, however, the author never loses sight of his central thesis, a faith in the indomitable resilience of the American spirit. He remains that rare and curious phenomenon, a 19th century believer in progress who is still unashamed of his faith.

The age of arid intellectualism will pass, and another race of Utopian-dreamers arise; and even if Utopia itself should prove dull and profitless there is still the chance that another Buddha may appear to point out, "Here are trees. Let us think this matter out."

M.L.R.

**From The Shadow of the Mountain**, by Van Wyck Brooks — *Clarke, Irwin* — \$5.25.

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## Blandings Castle Again

TO THE MANY thousands of P. G. Wodehouse fans a new book from the master is a happy event which needs no amplification. For those who have not yet discovered him, one can only urge that they should take this opportunity of doing so as soon as possible. For in truth his latest book *Service with a Smile*, like all the others, defies review.

To the initiates one can record that it is one of the Emsworth cycle. In this latest offering, the smooth tenor of the lives of Clarence, ninth Earl of Emsworth and his pigman, George Cyril Wellbeloved, at Blandings Castle is rudely shattered by an ill-assorted collection of guests. In this case the guests include the disagreeable Duke of Dunstable, the live-wire Lord Ickenham, the fighting curate Bill Bailey and — for trans-Atlantic flavoring — the Wall Street tycoon James Schoonmaker and his attractive daughter Myra.

These are soon embroiled in characteristic Wodehousian activity — touching each other for fivers, drinking G. Ovens home brew, indulging in gentlemanly blackmail, stealing each other's prize pigs and trying to make the course of true love run smooth.

To the uninitiated one can only say that Wodehouse's distinctive brand of fantasy, his effortless, inspired prose and his intricate construction, of which this book provides a good example, have given countless pleasure to three generations. It seems that there is no earthly reason why his books should not continue to give the same pleasure to at least three more. R.T.C.W.

*Service with a Smile*, by P. G. Wodehouse—*Musson*—\$3.50.

## The German Muse

THOMAS MANN is one of those writers whose virtues I can see, but from some deep want of sympathy with the motions of Teutonic minds—cannot feel.

Richard and Clara Winston have now translated from the German his posthumous account of how he came to write *Doctor Faustus*. It's an interesting enough essay in autobiography even if you don't happen to be a Mann man.

Still, there's something about Mann's tone in writing about himself that weighs heavy. He's like a man telling about his operation (and as a matter of fact, in his book, he actually does tell us about one of his operations) as if he were the only patient in the hospital.

Or he's like a sacristan — an uncommonly articulate and eloquent sacristan — showing us the marvels of some famous and ancient cathedral. The cathedral being his famous and ancient self.

THE GIFT OF KNOWLEDGE — THE GIFT OF BOOKS



## CANADA'S FLYING HERITAGE

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## PORTRAITS OF GREATNESS

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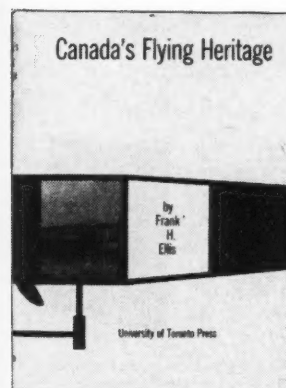
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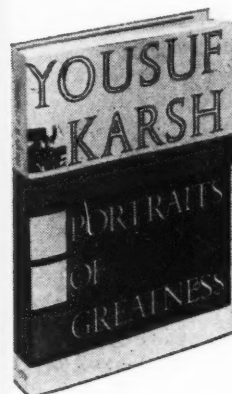
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He drops names and tells prestige anecdotes. He even gets in a plug for Karsh of Ottawa. He permits himself an occasional elderly joke. And of course, from his American exile, he worries tirelessly about Hitler's Germany, which, while he was working on *Doctor Faustus* — which is really about the Nazi aberration — was being bombed to bits.

I suppose what I find repulsive in Mann is his cult of the Artist, something which in English-speaking countries is more affected by performing musicians and top-price architects than by writers. And yet, since the genesis of any genuine work of art is bound to be interesting, *The Story of a Novel* has to be regarded as something more than a posthumous pot-boiler. K.D.

*The Story of a Novel*, by Thomas Mann—McClelland & Stewart—\$4.75.

### Portrait of a Mother

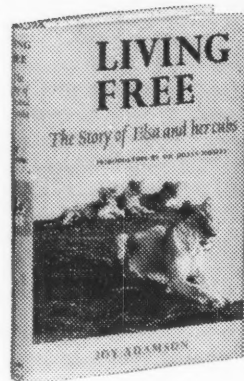
THE DISAPPOINTMENT that this world's promise of an earthly paradise has never been fulfilled is a constantly recurring theme in Romain Gary's books. Just why he should have felt so acutely this disappointment, which must come at some stage to almost every child, will be obvious to everyone who reads the story of his remarkable childhood in *Promise at Dawn*.

Forced to flee from Russia with almost nothing except her infant son, his mother, who had been an actress of some promise, devoted all her considerable energy to his upbringing. With an absolute conviction in her son's abilities, she never doubted, even when they were living in a seedy Warsaw rooming house, that he would become at least an ambassador of France.

For the guiding principles of her life were a passionate love of France and a set of values straight out of *Anna Karenina*. In course of time they reached France and it says much for her faith and will-power that her son has since become a much decorated member of the Lorraine squadron, won the *Prix Goncourt* for literature and become a consul-general of France.

It is not difficult to see why this book was unanimously acclaimed on its publication in France. It is a superbly written romantic autobiography which provides a wonderfully vivid portrait of an extraordinary mother spiced with a wry sense of humor. The only slight flaw is Gary's tendency to verbose digressions on his philosophy of life, but even these might well have been improved by a more imaginative translation. R.T.C.W.

*Promise at Dawn*, by Romain Gary—Mussion—\$5.00.



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best-seller

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and  
her cubs

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COLLINS

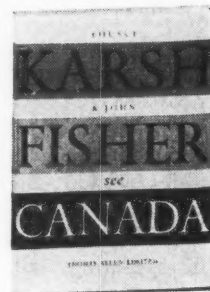
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—WALTER HAVIGHURST,  
*Chicago Tribune*

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## Chess

BY D. M. LEDAIN

ALTHOUGH THEY HOLD every other world title the World Junior continues to elude the Russians. In the biennial event at The Hague, Bruno Parma, 19, of Yugoslavia, placed first, with Florian Gheorgiu, 17, Rumania, second, and Alexander Kuindzhi, USSR, third, followed by H. Pfleger, W. Germany; C. Zuidema, Holland; H. Westering, Finland; R. Calvo, Spain; A. Galbrandson, Iceland; O. Kinnark, Sweden and D. Thomson, Scotland. Thirty entered the qualifying preliminaries.

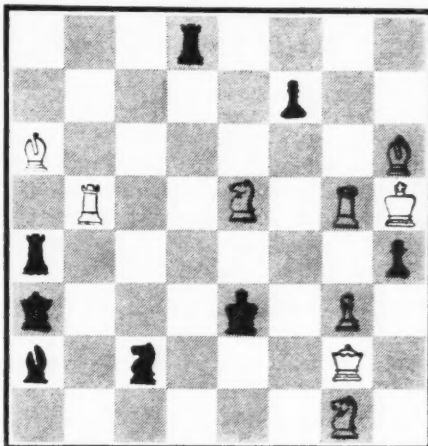
White B. Parma, Black: F. Gheorgiu.  
1.P-K4, P-QB4; 2.Kt-KB3, P-Q3; 3.P-Q4, PXP; 4.KtXP, Kt-KB3; 5.Kt-QB3, P-K3; 6.P-B4, P-QR3; 7.B-Q3, P-QKt4; 8.P-K5!, PXP; 9.PXP, Kt-Q4; 10.Q-Kt4!, Kt-Kt5?; 11.Castles, KtXB; 12.PxKt, R-R2; 13. B-K3, R-Q2; 14.R-B2, P-KR4; 15.Q-B3, B-Kt2; 16.Kt-K4, Q-R5; 17.P-KR3!, BxKt; 18.PxB, B-Kt5; 19.P-R3, B-B4; 20.QR-KB1!, B-Kt3?; 21.KtXP!, BxB; 22.

KtXPch, K-B1; 23.QxB, KxKt; 24. P-K6!, R-B2; 25.Q-Q4ch, Resigns.

**Solution of Problem No. 284** (Holladay), Key, 1.Q-Kt3.

**Problem No. 285** by L. Zagorujko & L. Loshinsky. (2nd Prize, B. C. F. Ty., 1959).

White mates in two moves. (9 + 8)



## Puzzler

BY J. A. H. HUNTER

THIS is a difficult alphabetic. Sheer trial and error, without any reasoning, would certainly yield the solution: but only after millions of calculations and months of tedious figuring!

With logical reasoning based on elementary arithmetic, however, the problem can be solved on one sheet of paper. I describe it as difficult only because of the very clear thinking that is involved in that quite brief analysis.

Each letter in this multiplication is standing for a particular and different figure. The little crosses indicate the positions of figures about which you are told nothing.

Then what is this TICKET?

```

      TAKE
      THE
    -----
    X X X X X
      X X X X
    -----
    X X X X
    -----
    TICKET
  
```

Answer on Page 68.

(167)

## Right Under Your Nose

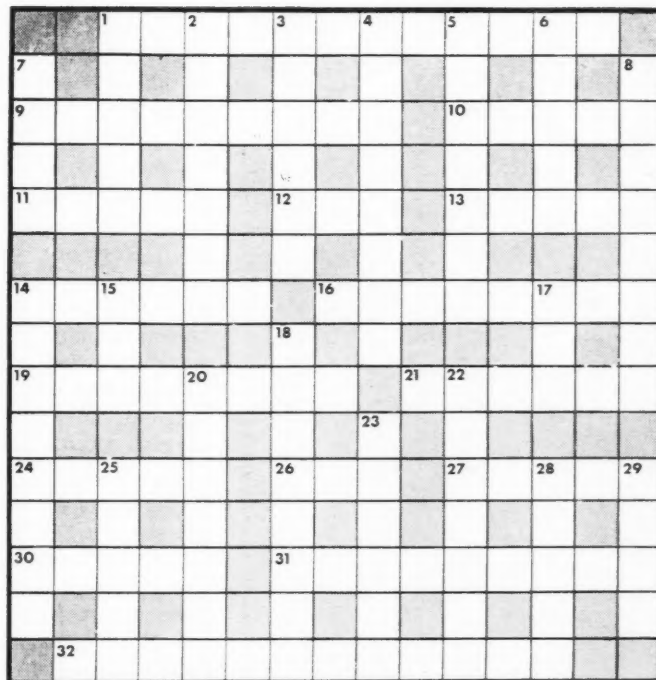
BY LOUIS AND DOROTHY CRERAR

### ACROSS

- 1 Merchant vessel? (12)
- 9 Is one, who knows the time? (9)
- 10 This is taken into account, I'll be bound! (5)
- 11 A sign to know in Scotland. (5)
- 12 Her aunt gave up the hunt for a time. (3)
- 13 Pithy trees? (5)
- 14 Study one of the three R's in it. (6)
- 16 When men diet, a change takes place. Quite maddening! (8)
- 19 Make a pun on it? I've made it! (8)
- 21 Virginia in a temper can be devastating. (6)
- 24 Not terribly difficult for "Tarka" to hide in. (5)
- 26 Chased by 7 when upset. (3)
- 27 Five turn tail as a matter of life or death. (5)
- 30 Nothing but food is stuffed into this trunk. (5)
- 31 It helps to relieve a bottle-neck. (9)
- 32 It's the limit what the hatter may sell in Autumn. (3, 4, 5)

### DOWN

- 1 There are usually more than three feet in this yard. (5)
- 2 As Edwin might be compared to this. (7)
- 3 Their silent fingers point to heaven, said Wordsworth. (6)
- 4 Vera is not looking like herself—getting visibly older. (8)
- 5 This cock is no bird, though it flies through the air. (7)
- 6 Inert? No, but you should be before they do this to you. (5)
- 7 Go away, and take pussy! (4)
- 8 Broke friendship with a foreigner over tea. (8)
- 14 Maintains that puss goes crazy when full of wine. (8)
- 15 Remains to be seen if this is used. (3)
- 17 Leaves some people believing there's a fortune to be made from it. (3)
- 18 The ham does over 7 over. (8)
- 20 When the sea is in it, something at last appears to calm the troubled waters. (7)
- 22 If you don't take what he offers you'll be without counsel. (7)
- 23 Baby birds? (6)
- 25 Kind of singer who might set the town on fire? (5)
- 28 Worth a toss? (5)
- 29 In these are relations. (4)



### Solution to last puzzle

- |                    |                                   |                   |
|--------------------|-----------------------------------|-------------------|
| ACROSS             | 28 Harp                           | 7 Enact           |
| 1 Romeo and Juliet | 32 Nervous                        | 8 Adores          |
| 9 Bubonic          | 33 Heloise                        | 14 Gnats          |
| 10 Abelard         | 34, 22 All's fair in love and war | 15 Faint          |
| 11 Calf            |                                   | 17 See 21D        |
| 12 Capon           |                                   | 19 Law            |
| 13 Star            | DOWN                              | 20 Ecclesia       |
| 16 Accent          | 1 Rebecca                         | 21, 17 Loving cup |
| 18 Assaults        | 2 Mabel                           | 23 Replete        |
| 21 Lipstick        | 3 Owns                            | 24 Washer         |
| 22 See 34          | 4 Nectar                          | 26 Carol          |
| 25 Vice            | 5 Jealousy                        | 29 Amigo          |
| 27 Clean           | 6 Lies                            | 30 Sons           |
|                    |                                   | 31 Clan (534)     |



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fragrance of rich  
coffee charms your  
senses. Linger over  
a Tia Maria soon.



## FILMS

BY MARY LOWREY ROSS

### *Serving God and Mammon*

RELIGION HAS ALWAYS presented a tantalizing challenge to the screen industry, and today, when the churches are filled as never before, the temptation to empty the collection plate into the box office is just about irresistible.

There is little danger, however, that the industry will take over religion, operating as a sort of secular arm of the church, for the whole subject bristles with difficulties. The feelings of the pious must be respected and, at the same time, the prejudices of the sceptical mustn't be overlooked. How, then, is the producer to reconcile the demands of the age of anxiety with the rejections of the age of skepticism!

The problem didn't bother the late Cecil B. de Mille, who never hesitated to split seas or write the Ten Commandments with a finger of lightning on a tablet of stone, whenever the dramatic occasion demanded it.

An uninhibited evangelist as well as a superlative showman, de Mille could easily convince himself that he was serving God while co-operating loyally with Mammon, and as it worked out he was no more than half-wrong in this accommodating attitude. If he never succeeded in making his entertainment religious, he never failed to make his religion entertaining.

The de Mille triumphs are not easily imitable and his most recent successors (Producers Samuel Bronston of *The King of Kings* and Plato Skouras of *Francis of Assisi*) failed dismally in both departments. Both followed the familiar Western routine for action and spectacle — plenty of horses and landscape, any amount of fighting, a great deal of popping away at the unseen enemy from behind rocks and boulders, and bodies, bodies, everywhere — and both failed to create any noticeable suspense or excitement.

On the subject of divinity and sainthood, they were even more at sea. Having set up budget, cast, script and production they arrived finally at the task of presenting their great central figures to a 20th-century audience, only to discover that they had nothing whatever to say.

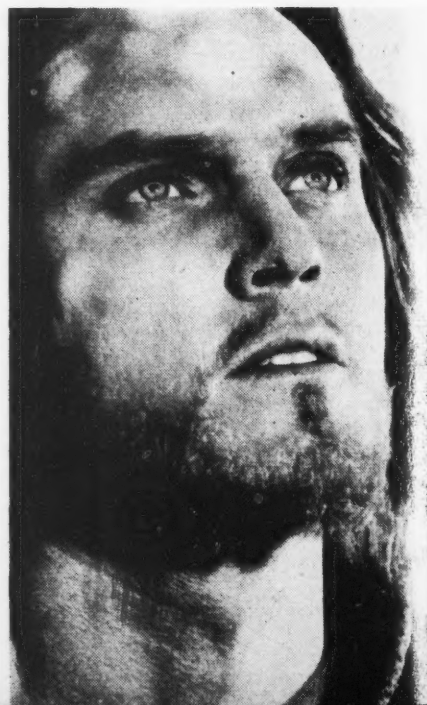
For how expect a modern public, affluent and skeptical, to believe in the joy of spirit that can come from embracing holy poverty? And how present the Christian miracles to an audience that had had long ago ceased to believe in miracles altogether?

In the case of *Francis of Assisi* Producer Skouras simply abandoned the idea of presenting the legendary saint and concentrated on production, lavishing several million dollars, in paradoxical Hollywood style, to celebrate the virtues of destitution. The portrayal itself was largely left to Actor Bradford Dillmann, who smiled a good deal and even paused occasionally to pat the head of Brother Donkey or Brother Goat.

But the pats were perfunctory and the smile was invariably the smile of agonized martyrdom. The saint who made simple joyousness and love the basis of his relation to every living creature was nowhere to be found, and the Franciscan legend was swallowed up in Calvinistic gloom.

Apparently no other solution was possible. Poverty and joyousness being hopeless — incompatible from the contemporary point of view, the only screen treatment possible was to play the poverty up and sober the saint down.

The casting and screen-treatment of



Jeffrey Hunter: A Puppet figure almost completely lacking in authority or presence in unplayable role.

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## BASIC RULES FOR SAFE WINTER DRIVING

### 1. START GENTLY

On packed snow or ice, start a manual shift car gently in second gear. Turn wheels straight ahead to ease starting. When you are stuck in snow, start in low gear and move slowly forward as far as possible and then shift to reverse. Repeat rocking action until your car is free.

### 2. SEE AND BE SEEN

Keep windows and windshield clear of snow, ice and slush. Lower back windows slightly to ventilate and to keep the inside glass from fogging up. Turn on headlights during daytime snow storms to help others see you.

### 3. GET THE FEEL OF THE ROAD

Keep a check on the slipperiness of ice and snow and adjust your speed accordingly. Test the surface of the road regularly with a single brake or accelerator application to find out how easily wheels will slide or spin.

### 4. FOLLOW AT A SAFE DISTANCE

Keep well back of the vehicle ahead so that you will have plenty of room to stop. Drive at slower than normal speeds.

### 5. BRAKE BEFORE TURNS

Anticipate braking situations and start slowing down well before you reach a turn, an intersection or the crest of a hill.

### 6. PUMP YOUR BRAKES WHEN STOPPING

Pump your brakes to prevent the wheels from locking and skidding on ice or slippery snow. Pumping is a quick application of the brakes followed immediately by full release. This gives alternate intervals of maximum braking effect and steering control while the wheels are rolling.

**CANADIAN HIGHWAY SAFETY COUNCIL**



Bradford Dillman: *Perfunctory pats.*

*The King of Kings* offered even more insoluble difficulties, and in the end the producer came up with a solution that might very well have been inspired by Jane Russell's famous pronouncement, "God is a living doll".

When Cecil B. de Mille made the original *King of Kings* in 1927 he solved the problem of casting Jesus Christ by excluding him as a physical presence. The current producer met his by presenting, in Jeffrey Hunter, a puppet figure almost completely lacking in authority or presence.

The choice could hardly have been worse; yet it is difficult to imagine how it could actually have been any better. The role is unplayable in human terms and any attempt at sublimity or even skillful characterization would have struck even the least devout as disturbingly irrelevant.

The same inexorable rule applied to every member of the cast, and produced the same curiously numbing results. When the production was released the critics could hardly wait to get to their typewriters to announce that Siobhan McKenna played the Mother of God as though she were playing Mother Machree.

The jibe, though irresistible, was unfair. Miss McKenna played the role in the only possible way, as a series of religious murals, carefully posed and almost completely flat. As for the remaining characters — Joseph, Herod, Pilate, John the Baptist, Barabbas, and Judas Iscariot (the latter played by an actor named, with staggering improbability, Rip Torn), they managed as best they could with their inflated or travestied roles.

Perhaps a new commandment — "Thou shalt not make unto thyself any celluloid images" — should be written into the Decalogue.



WHITE PINE

A. J. CASSON, RCA

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# **INSURANCE**

BY WILLIAM SCLATER

## *A Policy for Mortgage Cover*

*Some time ago I bought a house on which I still owe a mortgage of \$10,000, payable over 25 years at a high rate of interest. Being married and in my forties I am concerned about this liability and would appreciate any advice as to how insurance could help me in this situation.—R. J., London.*

Simplest and most effective plan would be for you to take out a life policy with sufficient cash value to pay off your mortgage in 12 or 15 years but which, if you should die in the interim, would pay it off immediately and leave your family unencumbered.

You might have to add \$10 a month to what you are paying now and look on that premium as additional mortgage but it will do the job. You should also bear in mind the substantial amount you will save by not having to pay the high interest rate over the full term. See a life underwriter and ask also about some of the family life plans which include mortgage insurance.

### *Water Hazards*

*A U.S. Insurance company manager states there are twice as many deaths by drowning in Canada as in the U.S.A. What possible excuse could there be for this apart from the lack of water safety instruction? — E. B., Kenora.*

We have more water, I guess.

### *Kangaroo Travel*

*We got a kangaroo in California that was brought from down under and we want to bring it to a private zoo in Ontario. What kind of insurance should we get for this animal while it is in transit? — Digger, Windsor.*

Provided you're going to bring it here by air, auto or rail transport and not make it jump all the way, the coverage you need is a Transportation Floater policy. I'd suggest a top limit of \$1,000 or certainly not more than a kangaroo on the hoof is worth.

The policy will be in force from the time the animal starts out from Cali-

fornia until it reaches its destination in Ontario. If it is a kangaroo with a specialty (a trained boxing kangaroo or a circus performer) it may be worth more. See a general agent. He will insure practically any live animal in transit.

### *Fire Fighters*

*Do volunteer firefighters get a special income tax allowance in Ontario? About how many would there be in that province? — A. McL., Sydney, N.S.*

They get \$300 a year exemption on their firefighting pay. But when you figure they mostly drive their own cars to the fires and have to replace their own damaged clothes there is not much profit in it.

### *Small Group Health*

*Do any of our Canadian companies provide a Group Health plan geared to a small business with a few employees? I am concerned to insure against the possibility of any employee suffering an illness where the medical costs might be extremely high.—E. S., Hamilton.*

A number of our leading Canadian companies have group coverage of the type you seek. See a general agent or a life underwriter and ask particulars concerning major medical, among others. Keep in mind the other essential benefits needed, too, such as loss of income, disability and other hazards which may be wrapped up in the same coverage.

### *Licence to Sell*

*Are the Lutherans licensed to sell life insurance in Canada? What restrictions are there on agents selling insurance?—A. P., Willowdale.*

The Lutheran Brotherhood is authorized to transact life, personal accident and sickness insurance in Canada but, like the Electrical Workers' Benefit Association and other similar groups this is only to the extent authorized by the

articles of incorporation, constitution and by-laws.

An insurance agency, defined as a person or organization that solicits insurance on behalf of an insurance company, is licensed to do business in Ontario on the understanding that it is not controlled by persons or companies outside Canada.

### *Continuing Policy*

*Some time ago you mentioned an auto policy which did not terminate with the death of the owner. Have you particulars? I understand the insurance company appealed the ruling of the Ontario Appeal Court.—N. M., Winnipeg.*

The woman who took out the auto policy on her car died and left her estate, of which the car was part, to her daughter. Shortly thereafter, while being driven by a friend of the family, the auto was said to have been involved in an accident in which a woman was killed and several children injured.

The insurance company claimed that the auto policy was automatically terminated with the death of the woman who had taken it out but the Ontario Court of Appeal upheld an earlier judgment that the insurance company was liable to the extent of the policy coverage. The damages involved in the case amounted to more than \$31,000.

The insurance company then appealed the case to the Supreme Court of Canada, where the Ontario Appeal Court judgment was upheld and the insurance company found liable.

### *Cashing In?*

*I have two insurance policies. One, worth over \$5,000 in cash will mature shortly. The other policy will not mature for another 11 years but has a cash surrender value of about \$1,300 now. I am minded to cash in both policies and put the money in an investment group fund but would like your opinion and advice before doing so.—B. D., Kingston.*

Good idea to get some money into one of these government-approved investment group funds as a hedge against inflation as long as the economy is in a rising spiral but I don't like the idea of you taking a cash surrender value on the policy that still has 11 years to run.

I think you'd do better to take a paid-up policy on that one and it will still go on earning interest for you. I am not aware of your family circumstances but it might be a good idea for you to take out some term insurance along with your cash investment.

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## 106th Annual Statement

Comparative and Condensed

AS AT OCTOBER 31

### Assets

	1961	1960
Cash Resources . . . . .	\$ 322,485,333	\$ 291,977,395
Securities . . . . .	577,913,331	432,294,242
Call Loans . . . . .	212,070,473	225,804,091
Total Quick Assets . . . . .	\$1,112,469,137	\$ 950,075,728
Current Loans . . . . .	836,481,324	797,112,101
N.H.A. Mortgage Loans . . . . .	106,101,366	108,604,458
Bank Premises . . . . .	34,757,353	30,633,023
Shares of Controlled Corporation . . . . .	1,944,924	
Acceptances and Letters of Credit . . . . .	34,169,625	16,961,256
Sundry Assets . . . . .	529,334	541,729
	<u>\$2,126,453,063</u>	<u>\$1,903,928,295</u>

### Liabilities

Deposits . . . . .	\$1,968,997,919	\$1,792,350,464
Other Liabilities . . . . .	10,311,050	9,564,064
Total Liabilities to the Public . . . . .	\$1,979,308,969	\$1,801,914,528
Acceptances and Letters of Credit . . . . .	34,169,625	16,961,256
Capital Paid Up . . . . .	29,943,468	24,000,000
Rest Account . . . . .	82,047,364	60,000,000
Undivided Profits . . . . .	983,637	1,052,511
	<u>\$2,126,453,063</u>	<u>\$1,903,928,295</u>

### Statement of Undivided Profits

Fiscal Years Ended October 31

	1961	1960
Net Profit After All Charges Including Income Taxes . . . . .	\$ 7,561,007	\$ 6,652,167
Less: Dividends . . . . .	5,330,623	4,560,000
Extra Distribution . . . . .	299,258	240,000
Amount Carried Forward . . . . .	\$ 1,931,126	\$ 1,852,167
Undivided Profits Brought Forward From Previous Year . . . . .	1,052,511	1,600,344
	<u>\$ 2,983,637</u>	<u>\$ 3,452,511</u>
Transferred to Rest Account . . . . .	2,000,000	2,400,000
Balance of Undivided Profits . . . . .	983,637	1,052,511
Total Provision for Income Taxes . . . . .	\$ 8,300,000	\$ 7,070,000

A. T. LAMBERT,  
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**GOLD & DROSS**

## *Pressure Selling by the Funds*

*It has been suggested to me to sell Canada Savings Bonds and buy General Mutual Funds as they pay a higher interest on G.M.F. — F. G., Weston.*

So would corporation bonds and mortgages. We don't know General Mutual. It may be a new fund. In any case it isn't listed under Investment Trusts and Mutual Funds in a standard reference. Nor does it appear in mutual fund quotations in the newspapers. We understand, however, that General Mutual acts as selling agent for a number of funds.

With all due respect to this particular fund, there are some comments which should be made regarding mutual funds generally.

Mutual funds seem to be popping out everywhere. And their salesmen are becoming as thick and as pesky as the black flies in the northern bush.

This "new" way of investing — it's as old as the pre-1929 boom — is becoming hard to sort out. But there are many basic principles for the investor which have been outlined regularly here. They come down to this. Know the management well and know the objectives of the particular fund and how it carries them out. Study the prospectus carefully, then consult your banker or other investment adviser and hope he can find some big holes. Mutual funds aren't any more fool-proof than anything else in life. A rising stock market covers a lot of mistakes. When you know the score, you can then decide whether you want to get into the ball game.

Your letter is part of a general pattern that is becoming increasingly evident. Letters say, in effect, that Canada Savings Bonds or United States Steel or CPR or what have you, should be sold and shares of a certain fund be bought. And, some of the funds seem fairly obscure. Did you ever hear of "Old Canada Investment Fund for a retired school teacher?" We hadn't and there isn't any quotation published.

You may not believe this, but letters regarding mutual funds are starting to approach the volume of mail on penny mining stocks.

There's only one conclusion we can draw. The mutual fund sector of the securities business is selling hard. And when the salesmen seem to leave the impression with their potential clients

that they are recommending a "switch," they're looking for trouble.

"Switching," in the parlance of the penny mining and oil stock business, is unethical. It will bring cancellation of registration and all sorts of dire punishments all aimed at "protecting the public interest" — that loose phrase that should be the credo of the stock cops.

In the life insurance business, where the mutual funds draw a lot of their salesmen, "switching" a potential client from a competitor's policy into your own is looking for trouble.

We'll bet that sales tactics by some mutual funds are already causing some sleepless nights among government officials. We hope the competitive pressures don't force this business down to the tactics of the salesmen of vacuum cleaners or aluminum storm windows.

Meanwhile, investors should be warned to be just as suspicious of hard-sell by stock salesmen (whether mutual funds or long-shot penny gambles) as they would be of any salesmen using the same tactics in any other business.

### *Steel Wares*

*How can a company like General Steel Wares pay a good dividend while losing money and still stay in business? — G. H., Brantford.*

By dipping into the till. GSW paid its preferred dividend which comes to about \$200,000 while losing \$577,000 in 1960. That was the first loss it reported since the depression years in the thirties. The company is going through a painful period of both retrenchment and expansion — cutting back on unprofitable business while trying to expand in other areas. The company recently reported it expects a modest profit in 1961.

Needless to say, General Steel Wares or any other company, couldn't keep tapping the till indefinitely.

### *Copper Rand*

*I would like your opinion on Copper Rand Chibougamau. — H. M., Winnipeg.*

Until very recently, it was most favorable. But the company recently announced a financial re-shuffling that

seems to have the effect of turning all its debt into equity. This saves interest payments of about \$500,000, says the company. But it also dilutes the equity steeply, leaves Copper Rand with a whopping outstanding capital of some \$3,600,000 shares.

Copper Rand is part of the Patino of Canada group, has some pretty astute financial experts guiding its affairs. But it's very difficult to see anything spectacular happening in this stock which has been trading around \$1.25. Maybe there'll be some enlightenment come out of the meeting of shareholders called to consider the changes.

On the face of what's come out now, the odds seem to favor lower prices. Wait and see.

### Joey Knows

*I bought stock in Rambler Mines and Jawtam (Rambler) Gold Mines before too much was known about their prospects. Both these properties were seized, Castro-style, by the Newfoundland Smallwood government. Are these shares worth anything? Will they ever be worth anything? Are all shares now government properties? — W. J. N., St. John's.*

Only Joey knows. It would seem that the uncertainties arising out of the takeover have been inhibiting factors in any major development. However, your man Smallwood has been making noises lately of plans to produce from the Rambler mine near Baie Verte. Could be something is in the wind. But mainlanders find it hard to sort out the "wonderful world of Joe Smallwood." Ask him! There aren't any traders here who will call a market.

### Cons. Discovery

*Would you give me information on Consolidated Discovery in any form you see fit? — W. O. A., Goderich.*

Unfortunately, the form could almost justify a black border. This small yellowknife gold producer has run into some ore troubles. "Depth development of the No. 1 vein," said the president recently, "has been disappointing."

As a result, Discovery shares slid from a \$4.05 high this year to about \$2.50 despite an otherwise stronger pattern in gold producers generally.

Add to the ore outlook troubles, a reduction in dividend to eight cents from a previous semi-annual 12 cents and you can form a pretty black judgment.

But this is one case where the black-out facts might be hiding a brighter

### LOBLAW GROCETERIAS CO. LIMITED

Notice is hereby given that a dividend for quarter ending January 14, 1962, has been declared on the capital stock of the Company as follows:

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The dividend will be payable January 15, 1962, to shareholders of record at the close of business on the 13th day of December, 1961. The transfer books will not be closed. Payment will be made in Canadian funds.

By Order of the Board.

R. G. MEECH,  
Secretary.

Toronto, November 13, 1961.

### NORANDA MINES, LIMITED

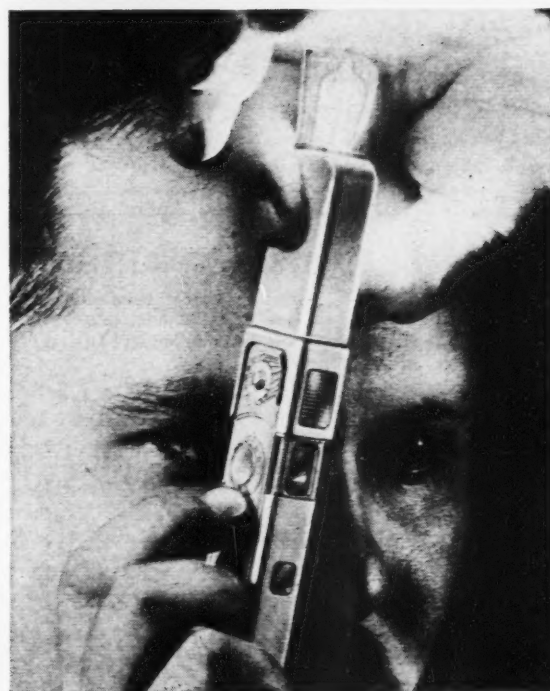
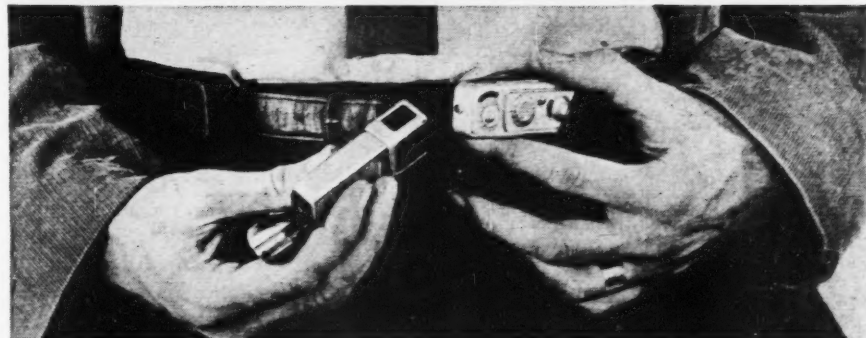
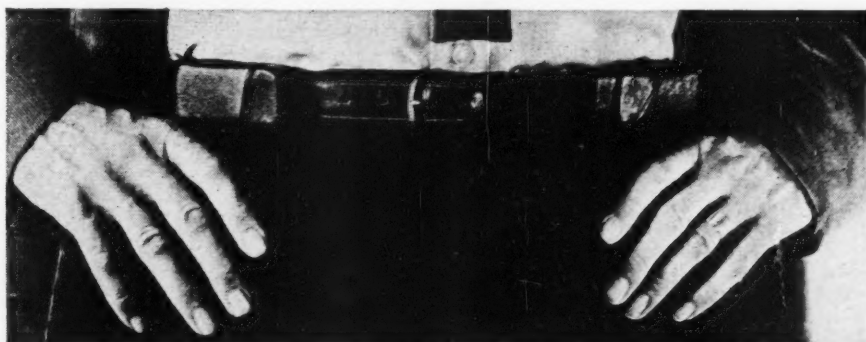
#### DIVIDEND NOTICE

NOTICE is hereby given that a quarterly dividend of Fifty Cents (50c) per share, and an extra dividend of Ten Cents (10c) per share, Canadian funds, have been declared by the Directors of NORANDA MINES, LIMITED, payable December 15th, 1961 to Shareholders of record November 22nd, 1961.

By Order of the Board

C. H. Windeler  
Secretary

November 9th, 1961,  
Toronto, Ontario.



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future. Discovery has one major redeeming feature. That is its management.

The company is part of the interests of the Byrne family — father and sons all mining engineers with plenty of experience in the far north. They are working all the time, trying to find new promising properties or unlock the secrets of their existing holdings.

As long as they are working, their companies are worth keeping an eye on. They have come up with discoveries in the past that stirred considerable stock market excitement.

Discovery is highly liquid with about \$1.10 in cash, gold and marketable securities behind each share reported at the end of 1960. This year, the company expects to make a profit of about 25 cents a share, down from 29 cents a share in 1960.

As well as interests in Radiore Mines, Rayrock, Taurcanis Mines and Ormsby Mines, Discovery is getting its feet wet in some oil probes in western Canada.

It is a speculator's package of considerable interest. Lightning might strike anywhere. Also, don't ignore the main gold producer over the next few months. There's some fairly important underground exploration going on that could change Byrne's gloomy "disappointing" into a monetary "promising."

From past performance, you're pretty likely to be given a straight report. The Byrnes are probably well used to both the knocks and the boosts. So long as they keep trying, you've got to watch them.

### Canadian Salt

*Should shares of Canadian Salt Co. be retained or should they be sold and the money obtained invested in some mutual fund? — A. J. M., Rexdale.*

There's quite a difference. Income on Canadian Salt is minor. The 20-cent dividend on shares which earned over \$6 each in 1960 is obviously a drop-in-the-bucket compared with what might be paid. Canadian Salt shares should be considered a special situation. With a market quoted around \$62 a share, this special situation has already paid off well. This \$62 quote (the shares trade infrequently) is well up from the \$41-\$32 range in 1959.

Canadian Salt has a relative handful of shares outstanding (250,000), all tightly held, including a substantial chunk owned by the Morton Salt Co. of the U.S. Morton paid \$8 a share for its block bought in 1952.

Logically, it appeared for some time that public interest in Canadian Salt

should be broadened. More stock should be available for the marketplace at more reasonable prices. And there should be some decent dividend policy in line with earnings. This would be logical if the aim of the controlling shareholders was to have a company with a wide public following. It also would likely prove fairly profitable — the capital gain possibilities of a likely higher price for the shares.

Thus the attraction of this special situation was some sort of stock split that would bring the shares down to around the \$15-\$20 level and a regular dividend policy making for more interesting and active stock dealings. Part of this expectation is being realized. Canadian Salt shares are being split three-for-one.

If your needs are pressing and require income, then you likely should invest your money in an income-producing security.

But it's on dreams of "special situations" that fat capital gains are made. Wait to see what the market does with the new split shares.

### In Brief

*I would like to know if North Rankin Nickel Mines has ever paid a dividend and what is their financial position? — L. J. H., Sarnia.*

No dividends ever paid by this nickel producer. Financial position, according to an interim report by the president, seems to be improving. Working capital at the end of July was almost \$2 million, up from about \$1,600,000 a year earlier and about \$1,700,000 at the end of 1960. Funded debt had been reduced to \$713,000 from \$973,000.

*I have some shares in the El Bonanza mine near the Eldorado government mine. What are its prospects? What are the shares worth? — A. T., Charlewood, Man.*

No bonanza. Stock trades over-the-counter, recently was quoted one cent bid, offered at two cents. Was some talk of resumption of work.

*I have a Trans Era Oil debenture with common shares. The shares became Rocky Petroleum. The debenture has been in arrears three years. Is there any likelihood of the debenture being worth anything? I have not heard of the firm going into bankruptcy yet. — A. M., Willowdale.*

This is a mess. Rocky Petroleum trades at four cents and it took six Trans Era to make up one Rocky. Doesn't seem to have closed up shop yet. You'll have to go along with the "where there's life, there's hope" gag.

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By order of the Board,

G. T. N. WOODROOFFE,

Secretary.

Toronto, Canada.  
November 10, 1961.

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## POINT OF VIEW

BY N. T. GRIDGEMAN

### ESP and All That Is Poppycock

ALTHOUGH GHOULIES and ghosties and long-leggety beasties and things that go bump in the night are as old as mankind, the rise of science has powerfully discouraged them. Yet it has not abolished them.

All the world loves a mystery, and the more it smacks of the supernatural, the more we shiver with delight. Furthermore, contemplation of the supernatural is especially attractive when we're fed up with the natural.

So I don't think it's fanciful to emphasize that the growing interest in parapsychology (vogue word for the old term "psychical research") is contemporary with the growing shadow of the Hell Bomb, and that the genesis of the subject took place in the middle of the Great Depression. When we feel that the orderly tenor of life is somehow failing us, we are peculiarly receptive to tidings, no matter how garbled, of spiritual extensions to our all too physical bodies.

For some curious reason, interest and activity in parapsychology is heavily concentrated in the English-speaking world, and Canadians have been getting more than their fair share of late. The CBC has broadcast a radio series, mainly at the anecdotal level (husky voice: "... and then I had a queer feeling that my brother was lying in pain by the roadside. I was trying to dismiss my thoughts when, all of a sudden, the phone rang...").

The periodical press is running articles about well-played hunches and fulfilled dreams. In *Weekend Magazine* a writer solemnly declares that "the chances of a dream coming true have been mathematically evaluated and the odds are no fewer than, say, 19,000 to one". (I love that cagily interpolated "say", which does not, however, rescue the sentence from meaninglessness.)

And Maclean's really went to town with a big feature on Extra-Sensory Perception, and organized a do-it-yourself test of its readers' powers of pre-cognition — "your IBM-ESP card is on page 19". Note the clever link with the prestigious IBM.

Incidentally the card itself bore the extra endorsement of Duke University, North Carolina — which body promptly issued a disclaimer! Nearly 30,000 cards were returned, and the results, now being processed, will doubtless be shown to prove something or other.

Extra-Sensory Perception, or ESP, is the ability to acquire information by routes other than the normal sensory channels such as vision, hearing, and touch. It is the hottest thing in the field, largely because of the card-guessing trials of Dr. J. B. Rhine, whose Parapsychology Laboratory is at Duke.

A typical trial of, for example, telepathy, is conducted along these lines: An *agent* looks at a playing card, drawn at random from a special deck comprising five suits, and the *percipient*, to whom the cards are invisible, guesses at its suit. Then the process is repeated as many times as can be managed. Plainly the long-run expectation is that 20 per cent of the guesses will be correct, and the exact odds for and against higher rates of scoring can be calculated.

Time and again phenomenally high rates have been reported, with odds of thousands and perhaps millions to one against their being flukes. So *something* unusual must have happened in such cases, but we are told that no one knows what and that a proper label for such ignorance is ESP.

Many experts assert that Rhine himself is not the best investigator, but no brief account can fail to highlight him because (a) he originated the current laboratory methods some 30 years ago, (b) he is chief evangelist for ESP, and (c) he has extracted weird theological, sociological, and ideological conclusions from his findings.

Ideological? you ask in surprise. Yes, indeed. One argument runs like this: If you don't believe in ESP you are a materialist; now the Russians are materialists; therefore you are helping the spread of Communism.

By now you will suspect that I am not an ESP fan, and you will want to know why, especially when so many eminent people, from Aldous Huxley to Sydney Harris, are rooting for it. Consider then the reasons why ESP, exploiting hoary superstitions, has won kudos in our times.

It is because the results of the card-guessing trials have been put through the mill of impeccable statistical methods. Yet this is almost irrelevant and quite misleading; for the real issue is not the validity of the mathematical

treatment of the results; it is the reliability of the experimental techniques that produced them.

Now it so unfortunately happens that it is virtually impossible to run this type of experiment in such a way that trickery or sensory "leakages" are adequately guarded against. As the years have passed the safeguards have in fact improved, and it is significant to observe that in his writings Rhine leans heavily on his earlier results. So it is hardly surprising that few people in the scientific world put any credence in ESP research.

On the other hand there are extravagant apologists (Arthur Koestler is one) who refer to ESP as constituting a second Copernican revolution. They like to point out that great innovators such as Galileo and Darwin and Pasteur met with widespread opposition and even hostility at first, and that Rhine is in the same boat.

But the difference is vast. No-one disputed the *facts* that those men studied — any sceptic could look through Galileo's telescope, or check Darwin's biological observations, or repeat Pasteur's experiments.

And there is a deeper reason why analogy with the great discoverers is phony. The theories that they propounded, on the basis of the facts, helped understanding. But Rhine's theories cloak any possible understanding. Most parapsychologists seem blind to the simple truism that to rechristen a phenomenon does not explain it.

To say, as an 18th-century pseudo-scientist is alleged to have said, that sleep is caused by a "dormative principle" tells us nothing. Similarly, to say that a set of figures shows certain statistical characteristics because of "extra-sensory perception" by the man or woman involved in the compilation of the set, also tells us nothing.

It should be mentioned in this connection that none of the persons tested claims to be able to tell which cards are perceived and which are just guessed at. In other words none can tell whether he has exhibited ESP until the statistician has checked the figures and given an opinion.

So the ESP label is a blank label. All the many hundreds of thousands of ESP card test results combined carry far less conviction than would one authentic repeatable case of clairvoyance or telepathy. But ESPers will never be swayed by rational argument. They are dedicated.

Looking into my own crystal ball I see the whole subject eventually dying of inanition. It will be a long slow death, and burial will be alongside phrenology, the phlogiston theory, and Flat Earthism.

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GEORGE HUNTER

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